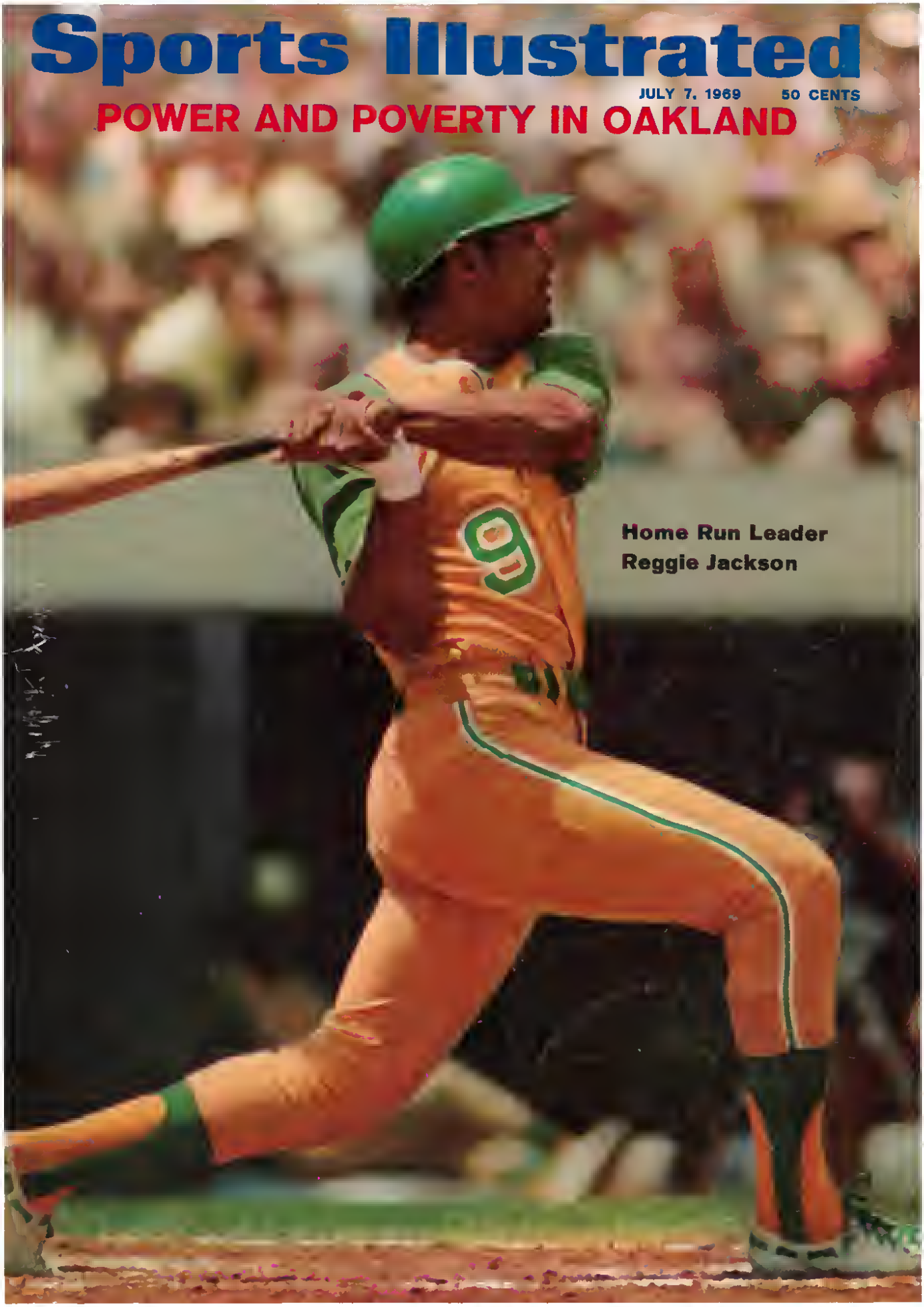
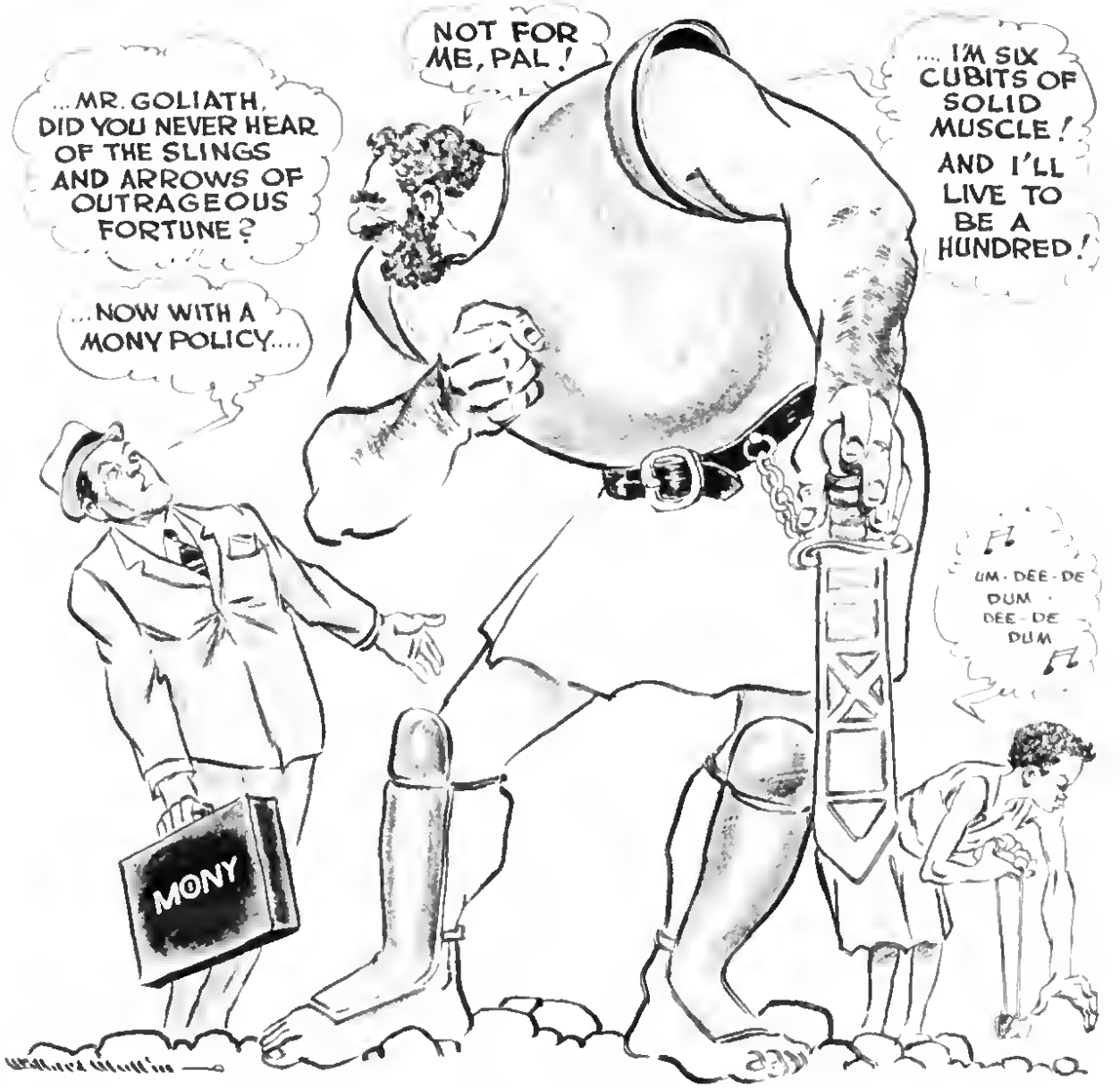
Sports Illustrated
JULY 7, 1969 50 CENTS

POWER AND POVERTY IN OAKLAND



Home Run Leader
Reggie Jackson


Pepsi
Taste that beats the others cold... Pepsi pours it on!



(A rueful report from the MONY files of frustrating cases)

GOLIATH: That's me, pal, Goliath, Single Combat Champion of the World. Like I said it in poetry in the *Daily Philistine*, "Though men of many nations trieth/No one yet hath beat Goliath."

MONY MAN: Sir, little things in life's big hopper/Often make us come a cropper. But we at MONY are not known for our poetry. We're known for being one of the strongest life and health insurance companies in the world.

GOLIATH: All the strength I need to protect my wife and kiddies is packed in this sword. Anyway, paying premiums doth give me a pain.

MONY MAN: Frankly, Mr. Goliath, they doth give many people a pain. But MONY has a plan that makes it almost painless. It's called MONY-matic. Monthly payments are automatically deducted from your bank account and

GOLIATH: Even so, life insurance is for ordinary mortals, not for me. I'll live to be a hundred!

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, Goliath met up with a young harp player named Little David and went out and got stoned. And while his demise was popular with most of the populace, it wasn't with his penniless wife and kiddies. Which brings us to the following moral.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York



THE PRICE OF THE CAR IS REASONABLE ENOUGH. IT'S THE OPTIONS YOU CAN'T AFFORD.

It isn't hard to make a cheap car expensive.

Just add on a few options and in a matter of minutes you can add a thousand dollars to the cost of the car.

But you can't do it with a Volvo.

Because we sell a complete car, not a do-it-yourself kit.

Volvo comes equipped with 4-speed synchromesh transmission; 4-wheel power disc brakes; whitewall tires; two undercoatings; rear window defroster; deluxe upholstery; reclining bucket seats; rear seat armrest; windshield washer and 2-speed wipers; trip odometer; alternator; and a steering wheel lock so a thief can't take it all away from you.

Volvo also comes equipped with a mileage counter that goes all the way up to 999,999 before flipping back to zero.

After all, with 9 out of every 10 Volvos registered here in the last eleven years still on the road, we couldn't very well forget something you're so likely to use.

VOLVO



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Next week

WIZARDS AT WINNING stock car races are Ford's John Holman and Ralph Moody—a North Carolina partnership that puts the wheels under champions like David Pearson.

AN ENIGMA even to himself, Billy Casper marches on as one of the most successful golfers of all time. A man of contradictions, his goals transcend the sport he plays so well.

HAWK HARRELSON, baseball's prettiest—and vainest—dresser, begins the story of his career from Georgia truant to wealth and position (Who else helicopters to the ball park?)


TIRE, SEARS STEEL RADIAL 1
64592 December 21, 1968

You're looking at an X-ray of the two steel belts inside the Sears Steel Radial Tire.

They help us guarantee it for 40,000 miles.

But we hear life just begins at 40.



Here's the exterior

This X-ray examination gives you a good healthy look at the Sears Steel Radial.

What you see under the tread are two overlapping belts of steel mesh. Not fabric. Steel.

These steel belts keep the tread more rigid. Tougher.

They help keep the tread flat on the road for better gas mileage, more traction, and longer tread life.

Sears, Roebuck and Co. guarantees this tire for 40,000 miles. But at that point, there's usually plenty of safe driving left. And you can thank the steel belts for each extra mile you get.

Depending on size, the Sears Steel Radial sells for $41.94 to $61.33 with old tire. F.E.T. included.

That's pretty painless when you consider that this tire should outlive 2 or 3 ordinary tires.

And there's never any haggling about cost at Sears. The advertised price is the selling price.



Drive over to Sears today and look into the Steel Radial. You'll find it's just what the doctor ordered.

The Steel Radial *Guarantee*

Sears guarantees The Sears Steel Radial Tire on passenger cars or station wagons. If tread wears off or if tire fails from road hazards before 40,000 miles, we will at our option exchange it for a new tire or give you a refund charging, in either case, only for mileage received.

If tire fails from defects during the life of the original tread, we will exchange it for a new tire charging only for tread worn.

Charges will be pro rata share of then current regular selling price plus F.E.T.

Nail punctures repaired at no charge.

Sears
ALLSTATE



Sears wants you safe.



The Real Bermuda Trophy.

The fabled silver piece awarded to the winner in the Newport-Bermuda sailing race is a great cup. But it's empty. Losers have often consoled themselves with flasks of Bermuda Royall Lyme. *Full.* No mere proud display, Royall Lyme refreshes face, body and spirit. Now available, duty paid, in the shops you'd expect. Next race: 1970. Don't wait for it.



If you're too old to have diaper rash... it must be something else.

It's a body rash. It thrives in sweaty, chafed body areas. It is misery when complicated by fungous infection.

That's why it keeps coming back even though you've tried all sorts of remedies. Including baby powders and salves. They may be okay for diaper rash. But not groin irritation!

Now you can get relief with Cruex®. A spray-on powder specifically made to fight this body rash.

Cruex spray soothes itchy, inflamed skin. Cushions against further irritation. That's why using Cruex before and after exercise can help stop groin irritation before it starts.

Cruex absorbs sweat (one important factor in the growth of Tinea cruris fungi). Its medication directly attacks susceptible fungi.

Cruex spray cools; gets into hard-to-get-at places. (And you don't make it sting or burn by rubbing, dabbing, smearing or spreading anything on.)

Cruex spray is easy on you. It's strictly hands off. At your pharmacy.

CRUEX®



Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

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Gulf only ran two cars at Le Mans. They finished first and third.

45 cars started the 24 hours of Le Mans. Only 14 finished. But the two Gulf-sponsored Ford GT40s did a lot more than just keep running. They both broke last year's record by more than 300 miles. Jackie Ickx and Jackie Oliver won at an average speed of 129.923 m.p.h. David Hobbs and Mike Hailwood finished third at 128.685. Only one competitive car could stay with them—and it had to be content with second place.

But this wasn't the usual endurance contest, where you just wait for everyone else to break and then stroke it home. The last three hours were as close as a stock car race, with the lead changing hands many times and the cars being pushed to their limits.

To stand up to that, after more than 3,000 miles of racing, everything has to be right. Design, preparation, driving, pit work.. and lubrication.

Both Gulf cars used Gulfpride® Formula G—the motor oil that won Le Mans, the World Manufacturers Championship and the Can-Am series last year. Formula G has come through more than two years of the toughest kind of road racing without a single lubrication problem. But it isn't just made for racing. You can get it at any Gulf station.

If you drive a car with a high-performance engine, Formula G is the best protection against wear and overheating you can buy. Switch to it now.



Gulf Oil Corporation.

SCORECARD

A NATIONAL DISGRACE

Last week in Las Vegas a pickup U.S. basketball team was creamed 90–71 by the Soviet Union's national team, the fourth straight defeat the Russians had inflicted on the U.S during their current tour of this country.

It was a disgrace—not the defeat, but the way the Americans played and, in particular, the U.S. attitude toward the game. The American coaches in Nevada were Johnny Kerr of the Phoenix Suns and Jack McMahon of the San Diego Rockets, neither of whom is thoroughly familiar with the rules used in international competition. The players were mostly rookie professionals who hope to make either the Suns or the Rockets. Most had never played together previously, and in the Las Vegas game it was obvious that they expected to make up for this with brute force and rugged play. As a result, 43 fouls were called on them by the two officials (one a Finn, the other a Puerto Rican). Seven U.S. players fouled out. Two Russians were slugged in the mouth, perhaps unintentionally. The Soviet coach, who knows a few American terms, shouted, "Football! Football!"

Despite the roughness and the slugging, the Russians kept their poise, avoided incidents and controlled the game Although their coach later praised the Americans, the visitors were reported to have expressed privately surprise and disappointment in the lack of class and teamwork on the U.S. team.

We feel disappointment, too, but hardly surprise. Except for the Olympic Games, the same shoddy approach to international play has been characteristic of U.S. national basketball teams. It is time it stopped.

RUN AND TONIC

Bruce Tulloh, the British distance runner, turned professional this year and, sponsored by Schweppes quinine water, set out to run from Los Angeles all the way across the U S. Last week he trotted into New York after taking the Staten Island Ferry as it crossed Upper New York Bay—having completed the 2,876-mile trek across mountain, desert and plain in 64 days and 20 hours, a new record for the event (the old record, 73 days, was set by Don Shepard in 1964).

Tulloh, a small, trim, pleasant man, was accompanied—in his car and trailer—by his wife, his 7-year-old son and his cousin. He ran an average of 44 miles a day, usually in four separate sprints of 10 or 11 miles each, and drank Schweppes for refreshment (the party went through as much as a case a day in the desert). There was no report as to whether Tulloh consumed his share of the tonic in a typically civilized British manner—mixed with gin—but we suppose not. Otherwise he would certainly have claimed two records.

UNDESIRABLES (CONT.)

Joe Namath's claim that all he has to do to return to football is sell his share in Bachelors III, the East Side bar that was a hangout for gamblers, bookmakers and mobsters, is not very persuasive. Last week, after an inconclusive meeting with Namath, Commissioner Pete Rozelle said, "Our concern involved the whole matter of associations [with undesirables]. Bachelors III is part of it, because that's where some of the associations started. It [Namath's return] would require a full understanding of all aspects of the associations problem. In other words, the matter is not restricted to Bachelors III."

HUNTING IN NEW MAXXXICO

The New Mexico State Game and Fish Department started importing oryxes and ibexes from Africa in 1963 to see if they could eventually be released for big-game hunting in that state. The original animals have been breeding happily in the Albuquerque zoo, and their offspring have been doing likewise in an experimental holding pasture near Silver City. They have been thriving so well that they need more room, and the game managers, up to their coccyxes in oryxes and ibexes, have worked out a deal with the commander of the White Sands Missile Range. He has agreed to let 10 or 15 oryxes use a fenced-off region near the point where the Army fires tests of Pershing and Athena missiles. The missiles are not expected to bother the animals and may produce one real fringe benefit for the hunters. It is hard to imagine oryxes and ibexes who have become used to missiles being spooked by mere rifles.

CHOICE FIELDER

Baltimore has the best hitting and the best pitching in the American League, and it has the most spectacular fielder, too. Her name is Mrs. Dorothy Bull, and away from the ball park she is a sixth-grade teacher at the Roland Park Elementary School.

This spring Mrs Bull, who is 24 and pretty, took her nephews, David, 9, and Danny, 6, to an Oriole game Sitting in the second tier behind home plate, she



achieved something that legions of frustrated fathers would have given their eyeteeth to have done during the game she caught not one, not two, but three foul balls. "The first one hit the seats and rebounded right at me," Mrs. Bull recalled later. "I fielded it and gave it to Danny. His eyes got so wide. . ."

Danny, with the fairness and logic of a 6-year-old, said, "Why don't you catch another one for David?"

Mrs. Bull explained that it was the first foul ball she had ever caught and

continued



Once you start using Gillette Super Stainless Injector Blades it's very hard to stop.



(Coated with the miracle plastic that reduces pull.)

How to turn your mother-in-law into a pussycat.

Transform the dear lady
Dissolve her into a pet
Or another person

Superimpose a title over her. Or have her fade gracefully from the scene as you fade into the next.

They're all possible because the Bauer C-Royal does the impossible. It backwinds super-8 cassettes so you can create professional lap dissolves in your home movies.

It also offers 8-to-1 power zoom lens, an instant slow-motion button you switch from 18 or 24 fps to 54 fps without looking away from the oversize reflex viewfinder, automatic through-the-lens exposure at all speeds and focal lengths, and every other feature you have every right to expect in a camera that costs about $525.*

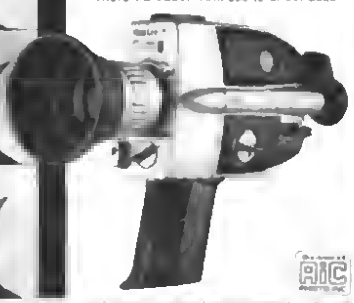
See the C-Royal, plus Bauer's eight other cameras and three auto threading projectors at your dealer. Prices start under $50.*



The only super-8 cassette camera with automatic lap dissolve:

Bauer C-Royal.

There's a Bauer from $50 to under $525.*



AIC

SON OF UGLY BOX



Comparing today's Frigiking to the old original "Box" is like comparing a swan to an ugly duckling.

Frigiking made the original auto air conditioner. We believe we still make the best. And it's a beauty of a buy, too.

There are 31 Frigiking models in all, from the trim "Universals" to the stylized "King Custom." One will look good in your car, old or new.

Frigiking
Division, Cummins Engine Co., Inc.

For the name and address of your nearest dealer, call Western Union by number and ask for Operator 25.

that chances of getting another were extremely slim. But an inning and a half later, here it came: a nice high foul pop right to her. "I got that one on the fly," she said. "It was an easy ball. But after I caught it all these little kids came running over and sat all around us. There were two boys about 11 who were smoking cigarettes, and one of them said to David, 'Your mother sure can field.'

"The third one was the toughest. It came in hard, on a line, and it stung. I caught it against the heel of my hand. That was kind of stupid on my part."

Mrs. Bull had received a standing ovation from the fans after her second catch, and after the third one the crowd was howling. An usher told her, "Go down to the front office and they'll sign you up."

Maybe they should. "When I was about 9," she reminisced, "I went out for the Little League in sneakers and pants and a sweatshirt and a hat, and I made the team. I was the catcher. But when it came time to give out uniforms they found out that I was a girl, and they cut me. I cried because I couldn't understand it. I knew I was better than some of the boys."

You still are, Dorothy.

WITH THE OPTION

Bobby Bragan, who as president of the Texas League introduced flashy clothes for umpires (SCORECARD, May 12), has come up with another innovation. Whenever a player or a manager is thumbed out of a game (perhaps for making particularly cutting comments on an umpire's clothing) he is automatically fined $25 by the league. But Bragan this season gave offenders a choice: he would waive the $25 fine if the guilty party would make a public relations talk at a luncheon or a dinner. Ballplayers as a group intensely dislike unpaid appearances, but at the last count the first 10 Texas League players tossed out of a game this year—and the first three managers—had elected to stand up rather than put up.

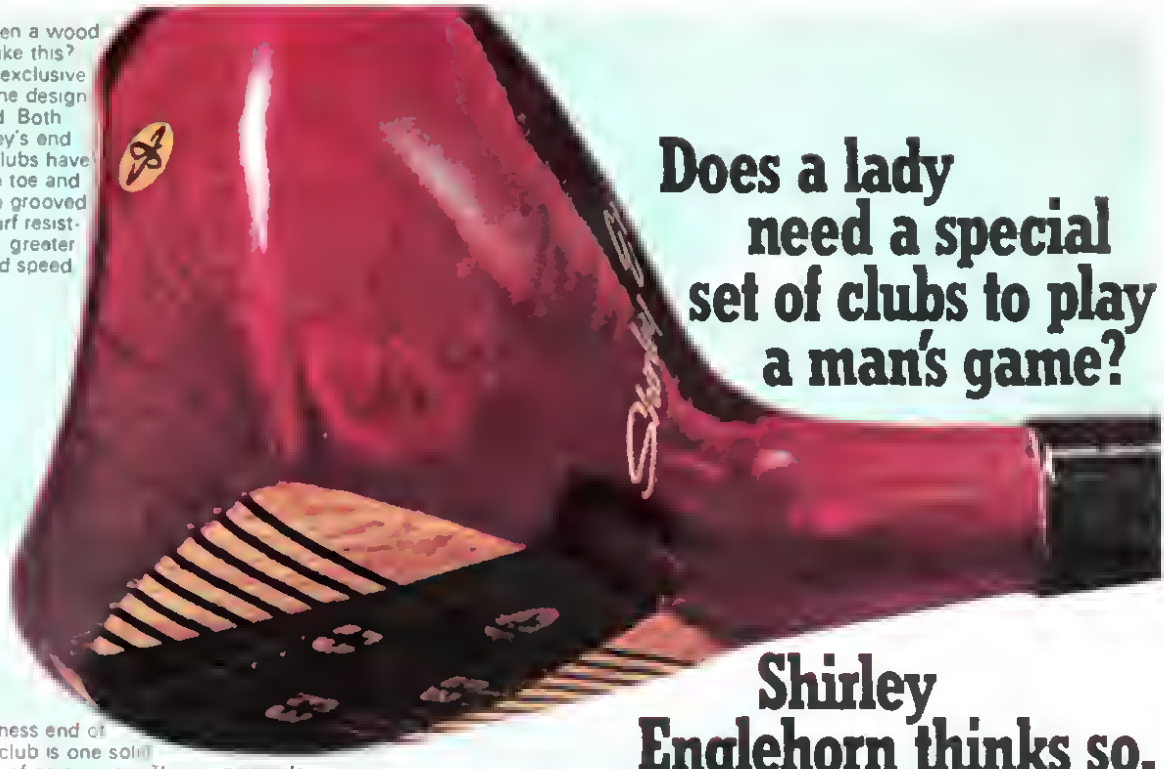
SUPERMERGER

With the furor over Namath and all the fuss about the details of pro football's realignment, the imminent merger of the player associations of the two leagues passed relatively unnoticed. But NFL and AFL representatives have met and for all practical purposes, have be-

continued


When it's time to stop playing a round.
MICHELOB
BEER
In beer, going first class is MICHELOB. Period.
ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS

Ever seen a wood shaped like this? It's Sears exclusive Aero Dyne design heed Both Shirley's end Doug's clubs have it The toe and heel are grooved for less turf resistance greeter head speed



The business end of this great club is one solid piece of persimmon There s no harder, more costly wood You'll get years of greet performance out of it

Does a lady need a special set of clubs to play a man's game?

Shirley Englehorn thinks so.

So does Sears.

That's Doug Ford watching Shirley Englehorn blasting out of a trap A Mesters champion, Doug is one of golf's biggest money winners Shirley is one of the two women ever honored with the Ben Hogan Awerd.



Ted Williams quality

This check mark and signature certify these clubs met the standards set by Ted Williams, Chairman of the Sears Sports Advisory Staff And were personally tested and approved by Shirley Englehorn and Doug Ford staff advisors.



Clubs just for the ladies. Everything—from grip size to the specially made steel shaft—is proportioned for a woman

Any golfer knows—get a set of clubs with just the right length, weight and balance and you're going to shoot better golf.

That's why Sears had Doug Ford, one of the great pros, design steel shaft clubs in different sizes for men.

But women's clubs?
A woman usually doesn't find a choice.

It gave Sears an idea. Why not special clubs in different sizes for women, too?

Sears talked it over with the famous lady pro, Shirley Englehorn.
"Good news for the ladies," Shirley said. "They've been ignored too long."

Shirley went to work. No cut-down men's clubs for her. She put everything she knows about golf into designing clubs that would fit a woman perfectly. Tailored them from grip to head weight. Then matched and balanced them every bit as precisely as Doug Ford's clubs.

When Shirley was finished, Sears had a great set of clubs. They're fulcrum-balanced and proportioned-fit. So now the ladies have a choice—just like the men do with Sears Doug Ford clubs.

Now, with these new clubs in her bag, any woman's equipped to play a man's game.

Tomorrow, see the Doug Ford and Shirley Englehorn clubs—see all the golf equipment—at the Sears Sports Center in the Sears, Roebuck and Co. store near you.

Sears

SPORTS CENTER

Where the new ideas are





A smooth way to rough it: The new six-place Beechcraft Bonanza 36.

Goodbye and farewell to the old highway safari! Never again will you spend leisure time filed behind a truck somewhere on County "J".

Just load up your gear, the family, or some pals, and take off in your big new Bonanza 36. It makes a clean getaway, far out and fast. A couple of short hours and you're back to nature, where the loudest sound is the plop of a lure! Or the delightful din of the kids having a good, wet time.

Your vacations really count now, and weekends are wide for the sporting life. Camping, fishing, golfing, sailing, skin diving, island hopping. The works!

Everything is easier and everywhere is closer when you have a 6-place Bonanza 36. It has a nonstop range of 980 miles and speeds to over 200 mph. It can go to thousands of places the airlines won't and the freeways don't.

Your Beechcraft Dealer can show you 7 different Bonanza models. Look for his red, white and blue sign of Beechcraft quality sales and service. Or write Beech Aircraft Corp., Marketing Services, 9759 E. Central, Wichita, Kansas 67201.

Then answer that call of the wild!

Be there!



Beechcraft

come lined up defensively as one group.

This is of more than passing interest to the clubowners, since the player representatives reportedly prepared a list which they plan to present to the clubs before Feb. 1, 1970, when present contracts expire. Subjects to be discussed include: 1) the option clause, 2) new TV contracts and how they will affect the players' pension and insurance benefits, 3) shortening of the exhibition season, 4) an AFL-NFL All-Star game, 5) player shares in playoff games.

The option clause is the most volatile point. Technically, a player can become a free agent by "playing out his option." However, recent restrictions—the commissioner can force a team signing a free agent to compensate the club that lost him by giving them "a player of like quality"—have made it difficult for players to make use of the option clause.

"As a practical matter," said John Gordy, head of the NFL players, "no player is free to sign with another club merely by negotiating with that club after his option period has expired, because few clubs will risk the commissioner's judgment of what 'a player of like quality' is. Dave Parks played out his option with the 49ers in 1967. The commissioner finally declared that he could sign with New Orleans, but New Orleans paid a great price. It had to give up Kevin Hardy, its No. 1 draft choice, and its No. 1 draft choice for 1969."

Gordy also criticized what he called a double standard in pro-football contracts. "Vince Lombardi had a five-year contract with the Packers," Gordy said. "While under contract he spoke to other clubs who wished to employ him, eventually negotiated a lucrative contract with Washington and then asked Green Bay to release him from his old contract. A player could never do that."

WILD WATERMELON

Never let it be said that Discover America Travel Organizations, Inc. abandons its clients. Soon after issuing its "Top 20 Travel Events for August" bulletin, it followed with an updating postcard—cross off Cheyenne Frontier Days, "Daddy of 'em all in the rodeo world," for Aug. 22-27. Turns out that Frontier Days is July 22-27. But DATO is never at a loss for fun events. As a substitute for the Cheyenne rodeo it offers the Pageland Watermelon Festival in Pageland, S.C., where, it promises, 35,000 people will spit out 35 million seeds.

THEY SAID IT

• Lefty Gomez, ex-New York Yankee pitcher, discussing the spitball. "I'd like to see the spitball legalized. I never threw one, but I used to sweat very easily."

• Larry Rentz, 6'2", 155-pound University of Florida quarterback-flanker-defensive-back, drafted by the San Diego Chargers and told to go on a high-caloric diet, which had no results: "I'll probably be the first player in pro-football history to be fined for reporting to camp underweight." **END**

"I'm a masochist. I threw away my instructions on self-defense."



A little pain is one thing, but sheer disaster is something else. We put instructions on self-defense in every package of Hai Karate® After Shave and Cologne for your own safety, because we know what girls can do to an under-protected, over-splashed guy. So please read the instructions . . . even if it doesn't hurt.



Hai Karate-be careful how you use it.

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Some things we did that made our competitors scoff, snicker, and then cry.

We don't mean to rub it in.

After all, sometimes it was just a dogged perseverance. And at other times we were plain lucky.

Take our Sylvania bright color television picture tube for instance. For years we and all our competitors had tried to develop a phosphor that would make a brighter color tube. But one by one most of the other color picture tube manufacturers shelved the idea, because they didn't think it was possible just then.

A brighter color tube.
They said it couldn't be done.



Then we bumped into the answer.

That is, our picture tube research scientist bumped into our laser research scientist.

"Oops!"

After apologizing, our picture tube scientist asked our laser scientist, "What's new?"

Which was exactly what our laser scientist was waiting to be asked. He started telling our picture tube scientist about an amazing, rare earth he was working with that lased beautifully.

"Say, that's very interesting," said our picture tube scientist. "I wonder how your rare earth would phos in my picture tubes?"

"I don't know," the laser scientist answered. "But why don't you try it?" he offered.

"Thanks, I think I will," our picture tube scientist gratefully replied, and he hurried back to his laboratory and started experimenting with europium, the rare earth our laser scientist had told him about. And . . .

Eureka! It phosed fantastically.

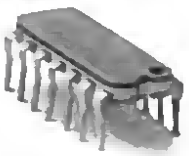
It produced a phosphor that gave us the reddest reds that had ever been produced on a color tube.

And we had ourselves a picture tube (the Color-Bright 85® tube) that was brighter than any other picture tube. While our unhappy competitors spent the next few years trying to catch up.

Something else that started our competitors snickering was almost too small to be seen. It's a tiny little chip packed with complicated electronic

circuits that could switch a computer from one piece of information to another in four-billionths of a second.

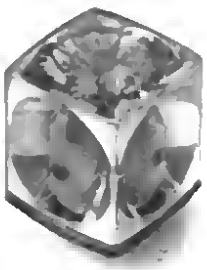
SUHL. Even the name sounded funny.



A computer likes to do only one thing at a time. So speed is very important. Because the faster a computer can come up with one answer, switch over to another problem, and come up with another answer, the more productive and economical it is to operate.

The tiny high-speed chip that we started manufacturing back in 1963 could switch from one piece of information to another 250 million times in a second. Making the chip was such a complicated process that no one in the business of integrated circuits thought that we had a chance of making it a success then. Now almost everybody who designs computers refers to that little chip as SUHL, which stands for Sylvania Universal High-level Logic.

They turned green when they saw our Blue Dot Flashcube.



None of our competitors ever had a chance to scoff or snicker at our flashcube.

It was one of the world's best-kept industrial secrets. We invented the flashcube, and then manufactured and were ready to deliver millions of Blue Dot Flashcubes to drug stores and photography shops before any of our competitors knew anything about it.

And for months afterward they were so busy trying to make a flashcube of their own, that they didn't even have time to cry.

Then we got a couple of amused looks when we started working on a system that could keep day-to-day track of 1,800,000 railroad freight cars.

After all, hadn't those other companies who were also working on automatic car identification systems, worked with railroads for years? In fact, they were practically in the railroad business. While all Sylvania knew was electronics and computers.

Well, their systems and ours were all tested and evaluated on the same stretch of track, and under the same conditions.

And the Association of American Railroads selected our KarTrak™ Automatic Car Identification System as the official system for America's railroads.

Meanwhile back at the lab we have a few more ideas that might give our competitors a chuckle or two.

But remember this:
He who laughs last...



KarTrak System. puts freight cars on the right track.

General Telephone & Electronics

Sports Illustrated
JULY 7, 1969

THE PRESSURE COOKER

It got to Jim Ryun, who, realizing that he had never learned how to finish second, dropped out of the AAU mile, as 19-year-old Marty Liquori, whose only worry is what to do for an encore, won again

by SKIP MYSLENSKI

And so, suddenly, Marty Liquori, the child whom many called Wonder Boy, is now very much a man. It all happened quickly, sooner certainly than even he expected, but he is no longer just Marty Liquori, the third high school four-minute miler, the kid Olympian, the potentially great runner from Villanova. Though only 19, he is not a teen-ager. He is the man who beat Jim Ryun, and now, more than ever, people will expect greatness of him every time he runs. He realized it first the Thursday after he beat Ryun for the NCAA championship. "Now what will people expect of me?" he mused. "What do you do for an encore? It's funny. You work so long to get to this point. What comes after you get it? What will be next?" Then again, Sunday night in Miami, having won the AAU mile after Ryun quit on the second lap, Liquori said, "I won the two biggest meets of the year. I know it will feel good tomorrow. But right now, well, it seems a bit funny."

More perplexing was what happened to Jim Ryun, who had run most of the first quarter mile in second place and then, unaccountably, slowed to a near jog and stopped. It has been a frustrating year for him. He hasn't been enthusiastic about running. He has had what he calls "junk injuries."

When Ryun stepped off the track, it was, in a way, his first step into the real world. He went to the stands, put an arm around his wife Anne and, slowly, walked out of the stadium and through the parking lot. "You just saw Jim Ryun blow a big race," he muttered. Then, as he reached his car, he turned to a friend.



An elated, carefree Marty Liquori wins the mile in 3:59.5, as Jim Ryun, who quit after the first lap, dejectedly leaves the field.

"It's staleness," he said. "When you start to see guys pull away and there's no competitive response, it's staleness. Too much competition. Too many races. Too much pressure."

Four hours later, in his suite at the Sheraton Four Ambassadors, Ryun, lying on a couch, still in his sweat pants and Kansas University T shirt, talked of what had happened. "The Jim Ryun of a few years ago is dead as of today," he said. "I've tried very hard to be The Jim Ryun in what hasn't been a serious year of running. I would like to have enjoyed this year. But I'm not programmed that way. I just exert too much pressure on myself.

"You have to understand. There is always the fear of losing, that someone better is going to come along, that maybe there's going to be another Jim Ryun, that maybe Marty already is that. But, if I felt I was on my way out, I'd quit running. I am afraid of losing. But I can't think back to the day when I wasn't scared. It's when that fear of losing becomes so overwhelming—then it's time to quit.

"The problem is that the world I lived in before was one of fantasy. All I've done is win. It's a new thing to lose. The Jim Ryun before was a person who, because of circumstances breaking his way, made it to the top in a short time, without knowing how to lose, without knowing how to finish a strong second.

"There has to be a new Jim Ryun. I have to exemplify my new self instead of the old one. I am anxious to compete. But I have to realize I can't control races like before. What happened out there today was more mental than physical. It's not a question of making excuses. It's a question of explaining it. And I just don't know how to do that right now.

"If I don't get over this pressure I put on myself, that fear of losing, I may never step on a track again. I made a mistake by quitting, I realize that. I think I grew up today. I think the life Anne and I live from now on will be a lot more real and with a lot more feeling. It's not a pleasant thing, losing. Yet it makes everything more real. Actually, we've always been down with the Joneses. But before, no one would admit it."

Ryun wasn't alone in succumbing to the curious malaise that seems to be affecting so many young people. Dick Fosbury declined to make a third attempt at 7'1" in the high jump, which Otis Burrell won at that height. "I just didn't feel like jumping," Fosbury said. "It's fatigue, mental and physical. I've never done this before, but it was just getting to me."

And Ryun wasn't the only champion to fall. John Carlos, The World's Fastest Human, was beaten in the 100 by an unknown, Ivory Crockett ("That's Crockett as in Davy and Ivory as in soap," he explained later), a freshman from Southern Illinois. And Bob Seagren, though he won the pole vault with a fine jump of 17' 6", failed again by a hair in his attempt to be the first 18-foot vaulter. "I want to be the guy to do it," he said the day before. "What else is there in track except doing something someone else hasn't done?"

On Saturday he came as close as anyone could without succeeding. He stood at the head of the runway as John Pennel missed his final attempt at 17' 6", and again Bob Seagren was alone. "Here we go again," he said. "Scare City. I've

continued



just got to make it, I'm tired. The burden is too much. God, I just got to pull it all together. I'm tired. I've got to make it. I've got to make it. I'm tired."

Finally he was ready. He waited for the wind to die, staring once heavenward. "When I'm standing there, I just think that this has to be the time," he said. "This has to be it. I've got to get it together." He did, only to knock the bar off with his left arm. "I felt it tick," he said later. "But as I fell it was still up there and I thought I had it. But then, when I hit the pit and looked up, the bar was right there in front of me. I just thought to myself, God, no."

The second try was just as close, but this time he brushed the bar with his belly. "Hey, why don't you get rid of those baggy shorts?" someone yelled from the stands. "What's he want me to do, go up in my jock?" Seagren said. Even if he had, the final attempt would have been unsuccessful. It was the worst of the three. "The first one was it," Seagren said. "I was mentally ready. I hit well. I thought I had it. I'm getting discouraged. Everyone said there will be another day, that there's always a next time. I'm tired of next times. I wanted next time today."

For Lee Evans the next time was Sunday. Beaten a week earlier at the NCAAs when an unknown named Curtis Mills set a new world record, Evans was not only out to redeem himself, but to break the record as well. "In the trials yesterday, man, I came off the corner and I was tripping lightly," he said at breakfast. "Last week I was too uptight. Now I'm relaxed." He went back to his room and called his wife Linda. "She asked me if I was going to embarrass her again this week by losing," he said later. "She said the neighbors came up to her and said they don't like to associate with losers."

Evans is a winner again and, though he didn't get the world record, he did win his fourth national AAU championship in a row, in a meet record 45.6. Again he came off the final turn easily but, unfortunately, started his kick 20 yards too late. "Hell, I'm not even tired," he said right after the race. "But I won again. Records . . . someone's always going to break records. But 20 years from now, when that record and any record I set is long gone, they can look in the book at past champions and see Lee Evans four years in a row, and they're going to be saying to themselves, 'That must have been some mean dude.'"

Yet this race, and any race on Sunday, was nothing but a preliminary for what everyone expected to be a showdown between Ryun and Liquori. The only two who didn't seem excited by the prospect were Ryun and Liquori. "Losing to Marty in the NCAAs was a defeat," Ryun said. "If I was making this a serious season and I had lost I would be more upset. But this is a down year, not a very serious year. I've trained. But I've cheated a bit, too. I've been inconsistent at it. A defeat is a defeat, but if I had been very serious then it would bother me more."

"Just because I beat him once doesn't mean I'm going to do it again," Liquori said. "I really don't expect to beat him anymore than I expected to beat him last week, and last week I was just worried about finishing the race. No, if I beat him this week, I'd be just as happy as last."

It was, still, a different Liquori who prepared to meet Ryun, for Liquori was aware that a transformation was taking place and that he was no longer his own person. He left Miami early in the week and went to Fort Lauderdale, away from the hoopla. "I guess I do look at myself differently," he admitted. "I don't know why or how or in what manner I'm different. But it's there. Maybe if I stopped and thought about it more I'd know."

Liquori swam, played golf, often just sat by the pool. He went to the track only once, and then merely to run four pace 400s. "I'm not scared of Ryun," he kept saying. "No. Look, man, I'm not going to fight him. I'm just going to run him. I can't spend too much time worrying. A lot of guys do it, worry too much, then when they get to the starting line they're already through. I just go out and run as fast as I can. I'd drive myself out of my mind if I thought about it all the time."

Then he talked of what many had forgotten. "You have to remember," he explained, "Jim is going down, and I'm coming up. But you really don't know whether I've come up that far or he's come down that far. Jim may be a little slow this year, but it would be easy for him to start running good again.

"I still feel like just another runner when compared to Jim Ryun. He's already proven himself. And I still think that the ultimate control on whether I win or lose against Jim is up to him. If he's at a peak, there's no one near him. If he's willing to slave and to sacrifice, there is no way in the world I can beat

Ivory Crockett exults after upsetting towering John Carlos and Charlie Greene in the 100



him this year or next. But if he's going to fool around, I'm going to be there to take advantage of it. If he gives less than 100% and I give a little more, well, then I can win."

The victory that came Sunday was, in many respects, simple. Before the race was half over, Liquori realized that Ryun was out and that all he had to do was get far enough ahead of Sam Bair to hold off his sprinting finish. "I've never beaten Sam outdoors in the mile," Liquori said. "He can always outsprint me in the last 100 yards. With Ryun through, I figured I'd just better get out and get ready to hold Sam off." He did, winning in an easy 3:59.5—nearly two seconds slower than his best time, which he did the week before—five yards ahead of John Mason of the Pacific Coast Club, who beat out Bair for second. "I haven't beaten Jim Ryun twice," Liquori kept reminding people afterward. "I beat him once and I won another race that he started."

Indeed, Liquori's win was secondary to Ryun's loss and what happened and why it happened, and what does it all mean? Bair, for one, had his own explanation. "If I was in Ryun's place," he said, "I know I'd be mentally depressed. I think in the back of his mind Jim Ryun really wants to cool it. I think he'd really like to get away from it all. But people won't let him. They expect something great from him all the time. Ryun will retire eventually because of his mental strain. He's always going to be bugged. Then, added to that, here you have Marty, the bright young kid. Just so many pressures have been built on Ryun. I really feel sorry for him."

"People are making too big a thing out of my winning," Liquori said. "I really don't like to talk that much about it. It's not like I have a great rivalry with Ryun, or that I hate him or anything. I really respect him very much. It's a friendship, something special we have between us, although we only meet under adverse conditions, race conditions. We know we've both worked hard to get where we're at. We've been through the school of hard knocks. You don't rub anything in when someone's down, especially when it's Ryun. Just remember, he's the best distance runner we've ever had. People forget very easily. They just don't remember how great he has been."

Ryun remembers. When he was younger and so much was unreal. END

Bob Seagren clears 18' ¾", but it's no record. His arm nicked the crossbar on the way down.



MARIS AND THE BABE, MOVE OVER!

In the presence of practically nobody in Oakland, mighty-muscled Reggie Jackson is hotly pursuing a legendary record

by MARK MULVOY

O K . Charles O Finley, wherever you are. O K , Oakland and San Leandro and Alameda and Berkeley and all the other places across the Bay from San Francisco You insisted that when the Oakland Athletics produced a young superstar there would be a community love-in at every game in the new Coliseum There was, in fact, going to be slobbering devotion if the object of your affections also happened to have short hair, neat clothes, polite manners and spoke respectfully and intelligently.

Well, what's so wrong with Reggie Jackson (*see cover*)? He is 23 years old, stands 6 feet and weighs 197 pounds. He wears No. 9—just like Ted Williams—and so far this season he has hit 29 home runs, three more than any other player in the majors, putting him nine and five games ahead of the home-run-record paces of Babe Ruth and Roger Asterisk, and propelling the A's into first place in the American League West.

This same Reggie Jackson has hair almost as short as his manager's, and Hank Bauer's bristles are the shortest in baseball. He dresses like Ken Harrelson and Steve Carlton only on the baseball field. His manners are impeccable. The words he uses are carefully selected and almost always polysyllabic Jackson never will be called a "dumb jock "

So where are Jackson's Oakland fans? Already the people around the White House, the one in Washington, think Jackson is the only man who plays the game. Julie and David Eisenhower twice have gone out to see him play, and each time he happened to hit home runs. One night they dragged Julie's father along Afterward the President dashed off a letter to Jackson and suggested that he subsidize Julie and David with tickets for all Oakland games. Jackson would be pleased to do just that

Members of the First Family are not Jackson's only Washington admirers An even more impressive accolade has been bestowed by old No 9 himself. Ted Williams said of Jackson "I wasn't sure the first time I saw him. The second time I was amazed. He is the most natural hitter I have ever seen "

Jackson also has enlisted thousands of fans in such towns as Detroit, Kansas City, New York and Boston Particularly Boston For three games one weekend last month Jackson did more to ruin the Red Sox than Bob Gibson ever dreamed of. He started slowly with only a home run in a 4–1 victory on Friday night Then, on Saturday, he hit two home runs and drove in 10 runs (a good season for some players). Finally, on Sunday, he hit a home run, a triple and a double to drive in four more runs. More than 81,000 Red Sox fans cheered wildly the times Jackson came to bat to wreck a Boston pitcher

Sadly, there were no such wild emotional displays for Jackson or his team when the Athletics returned to Oakland. The A's, in fact, seemed less popular than ever at home. Neither Finley, who has seen only two home games (the first two in April) this year, nor the residents themselves have responded to Jackson's inspired assault on the records of Ruth and Maris, and no one really cares that the A's are the only Bay Area team in first place.

Last week, for instance, Oakland averaged fewer than 8,000 paid for six dates against Kansas City and Chicago. The club is already running more than 50,000 behind last year, when it drew only 850,000 The community is not totally to blame for the small attendance, however. Despite the on-field successes of the Athletics, the Charles O Finley organization has done nothing to promote them among prospective fans

The absentee owner sits in his Chicago insurance office or his La Porte, Ind farmhouse, listens to telephone recreations of games and then decides what moves he must make Two weeks ago he decided the Athletics needed a special pinch runner Presto—Allan Lewis appeared in Oakland Then Finley decided the Athletics did not need a special pinch runner Presto—Lewis disappeared The dictatorial policy of Finley, who makes most personnel changes, annually prompts almost a total turnover in Oakland's executive personnel. Two weeks ago Carl Finley, Charlie's cousin, quit as business manager.

In this world of suspicion and disruption, the A's play mostly in front of empty seats, a fact that bothers all of the players, but Reggie Jackson in particular. "Crowds do something for me," he said "Like in Boston that weekend. Even when the people booed before the first game, I knew they were booing in appreciation. I was excited. It's the same when we are playing Washington and there are not many people in the stands. That's all right. Playing in front of Ted Williams in Washington can get me excited, too The people who do come to see us play in Oakland are good fans, but there are not enough of them. I hope I am in Oakland when they fill the park day after day. We are going to be a dynasty We are going to roll over teams like the Orioles are rolling over teams now."

Although Jackson sometimes seems capable of becoming a dynasty all by himself, he has a lot of help. Danny Cater is flirting with .300, as usual, and Rick Monday, Sal Bando and Dick Green are all hitting the ball hard Star of the pitching staff is John (Blue Moon)

continued

Source of Jackson's power is the magnificent musculature he built up as all-round athlete.





Odom, high among the league leaders in victories and ERA. Overall, the Athletics are young, aggressive and colorful, far more deserving of support than the town has so far bestowed.

There was never any real doubt while Jackson was growing up in Wyncote, Pa., a bedroom of Philadelphia, that he was going to be a professional athlete. The question was, in which sport? "We were one of the poor families in town," Jackson says. "My father ran a cleaning and tailoring shop called the Wyncote Valet, and every day my two brothers and I and almost everybody in the neighborhood were behind there playing softball or throwing around a football."

Jackson also collected baseball cards and football cards and chewed the bubble gum that came with them. He got in the habit of memorizing names and numbers and statistics, and even today he can tell you the uniform numbers of almost every player in the major leagues, both football leagues and the National Basketball Association. "You must come up with a Gerry Nyman—he's No. 49—or a Bob Humphreys—he's No. 23—before you can even think of stumping me," Jackson says.

Jackson did not confine his mnemonic talents to the athletic department. He also was a B student in the classroom and when he graduated from high school in 1964 he had his choice of college scholarships. He chose Arizona State because he could play football and baseball there without outraging the coach of either sport. As a sophomore footballer, Jackson backed up Ben Hawkins, who now catches passes for the Philadelphia Eagles. He was the regular baseball centerfielder and hit so well (15 home runs, .327 batting average) that he made first-team All-America. Choosing second in the major league draft, the A's signed Jackson for a reported $100,000 contract. He made the majors after only a 14-month apprenticeship in the minors.

From the beginning Jackson had a definite home-run swing, something he had learned from Richie Allen, a friend from Philadelphia days. "Richie and I had long, involved conversations about hitting," Jackson says. "He holds his hands low and relaxed and drops the head of the bat on the ball. I don't have his power so I have to hold the bat higher to get some force. But, like him, I drop the head on the ball, swinging down."

Like Allen and most home-run hitters, Jackson strikes out too frequently. Last year he hit 29 home runs as a rookie but struck out 171 times—almost a record. "Richie told me not to let strikeouts bother me," Jackson says. "Carl Yaz told me the same thing. He said that he struck out 96 times his first season in the majors but never changed anything because he did not want to lose his aggressiveness."

When he did strike out, Jackson invariably became enraged. "If I didn't break the bat or break the helmet, I would take the bat with me to the outfield and forget about the game for the rest of the day." He is much more relaxed at the plate this year, and his strikeouts are down more than 25%.

"There are a couple of reasons. Joe D. [DiMaggio, the A's vice-president in uniform] convinced me to use a heavier bat so that I would know exactly what I had in my hands. Last year I had a 33-ounce bat and it felt like nothing. This year I have a 37-ounce bat and it feels like something.

"Then this spring I watched Ernie Banks. He is never abrupt or short. He came out of the clubhouse this day when it was about 100° in Scottsdale and said, 'Hey, let's play two today,' and everyone around him suddenly looked invigorated. I learned that I must roll with the punch like Ernie Banks."

This sudden relaxation has helped Jackson survive the usual retaliatory process all pitchers employ on young home-run hitters, although what happened in Minnesota the day he hit two homers might have had some effect, too. After the home runs he had to duck two inside pitches. He charged the pitcher, a Twins rookie named Dick Woodson, and tackled him the way his coaches at Arizona State taught him. He was ejected from the game but he had made his point. He is now treated like any other home-run hitter. That is, pitchers throw him change-of-pace pitches, knuckleballs, curveballs, sliders and screwballs—anything but a fastball—and the defenses give him the Williams treatment, moving three infielders to right field and stationing them on the outheld grass.

After the Kansas City Royals effectively employed both tactics against Jackson one night last week, Hank Bauer handed him a copy of the Athletics' organizational book and pointed to his own statistics with the old Kansas City Blues in 1947. The figures were impressive, almost strong enough to win a major league Triple Crown today. As Jackson admired them, Bauer pointed out that the Yankees did not even invite him to spring training the next year. "They told me to do it again, that I wasn't ready," he said. "So look at 1948." Bauer's figures were even more impressive but, he said, "They brought me up in 1949 and platooned me for five years. I averaged almost .300 for five years and I couldn't start every day."

Bauer was making his point. Baseball had changed. In the old days a player waited in the minor leagues for his predecessor to retire. Then Bauer introduced the real point: curves and changeups that Jackson had struck out on in the day's game and how Jackson had to be more aware of what the strike zone was.

Switching to the infield shift, Bauer said. "You know, Reg, Mantle added 12 or 15 points to his batting average each year because he beat out eight or 10 drag bunts when they played back on him." End lesson.

Jackson, as usual, reported early for the afternoon game the next day. "Are you going to change?" he was asked.

"They shifted on Ted Williams and he defied it," Jackson said. "He hit between the fielders—or over them. They shift on Willie McCovey, too. But I feel like them. If I hit the ball on the nose, the fielders will not catch it, even if they are stacked on top of each other."

Drag bunting for Jackson is out of character, and if there is anything he dislikes it is what he calls a "pseudo-character," a man without strong beliefs. He believes, for instance, in integration and he rooms with Chuck Dobson. "We make no big deal about it," he says. "Publicity would be derogatory to the cause—and the result. We do it because we believe in what we are doing."

And so, believing in his ability to power the ball, Reggie Jackson will do no serious drag bunting. Maybe he is wrong—but maybe not. If he keeps up his present home run pace—and brings the A's along with him—at season's end nobody is likely to ask him about his bunt average. Not even Hank Bauer. And if he actually threatens Roger Maris' record, a few Oaklanders might even come out to see him try to break it. **END**

A's leading pitcher, Blue Moon Odom overachieves before usual undersized crowd.

FLAUNT IT AND YOU MAY LOSE IT

Obsessed with proving his courage, Jerry Quarry pushed head on into a machine that destroys men—and discovered the machine, named Joe Frazier, was only too happy to fight on those terms **by MARK KRAM**

Only a fool has no fear in the ring, and he does not survive. Fighters seldom think about being noble and brave, and it is even more rare when one is genuinely unafraid of what the ring is, what it can do to the heart and mind and body. The *professional*, who knows what he is about, what his work is, and then—with all his fears and all his doubts—coldly does what he has to do, he will last and, if he is good enough, he will be remembered a long time. Nobody will ever again say Jerry Quarry is not a brave man, but he is not a professional and certainly, for one long, painful moment in his career last week, he lamentably insisted on being a fool.

His mind, of course, has always been a thief of his talents. Quarry has at times been confused, undisciplined, unintelligent and emotionally juvenile, but while he was preparing for his heavyweight championship fight with Joe Frazier it appeared that he had subdued all that separated him from genuine excellence. He now was, he said, mature and trigger-fine. And who could doubt that he had the instruments needed for the delicate surgery prescribed for an opponent like Frazier? Quarry entered the ring wearing a pink mandarin robe, a blue golf hat and a wide smile, his whole presence exuding a false bravado that drew the roaring music of approval in Madison Square Garden, his refuge from the insensitive sniping that he endures in Los Angeles.

Seven rounds later, after a dreadful machine mounted on rails had reduced his face to a doughy substance, Quarry sat while a doctor examined a swollen, angry cut below his right eye, on the cheekbone. Benevolently, the doctor looked at the referee and, shaking his head, ended a fight whose result was only in balance until the closing seconds of the second round. Like a stray hit by a car and not knowing where to go, Quarry stumbled blindly about the ring after the doctor's decision, his frustration and disgust visible in every quiver of his muscles. Then he stopped and prayerfully looked up at the ceiling, his face a weird mask melting in the yellow light, mirroring, it seemed, his rage at the path of disaster he had chosen.

Looking up at the face, his father, Jack, who repeatedly had warned his son that toughness was not related to winning, could share his rage. The old man's eyes, which always seem to tell of the desolation that filled most of his life, were startled at first, as if he had just been caught by a flashlight in some dim boxcar. Then a fragile smile came and went across his face, and it was clear that he could not argue strenuously with Billy Conn's wry summation of the bout. "What's the use of being Irish if you can't be thickheaded?" Yet it was not really a question of obstinacy or dumbness. The fight cut deep into wherever it is Quarry lives and, despite the sound logic that militated against such tactics, Quarry was obsessed. He came seeking the dignity that he felt he had left behind in too many rings; he came looking to stuff his valor down the throats of all those who said he had none. He was determined to leave New York with honor, and he would beat Frazier at Frazier's own primitive game.

Quarry, it appeared, had discovered what someone once called the formula for failure: trying to please everybody. Up at his camp, the signs of his tactics were evident, but on one believed he would be so puerile. "I'm ready for anything Joe Frazier can hand out," he said. "I want to find out who is best at what. Who is the toughest. Who's the best puncher and who can take the best punch." It was easy to dismiss his remarks as an effort to shore up his ego. When it came time to fight, form argued that Quarry would be what he has always been, a cautious, sometimes brilliant counterpuncher who would trap Frazier, keep him at bay with a jab, spin him and, like a matador using a cape, reduce him to a lunging, uncertain bull. If ever there was a script for a fight, this conflict of styles had one.

But much to the annoyance of those who must chart the anatomy of boxing, there is seldom any choreography to the ring. Too many intangibles can turn up to haunt even the soundest conjecture. Did the fighter leave his fight in the gym or on the lonely miles in the woods? Did he have the proper sparring partners, or was his camp too cheap to worry about such a matter? Would the corner, maybe not the smoothest in the business, perform under pressure? Finally, who knows what is in a fighter's mind? He can lose his edge or change his thinking in a dream or in the drive from his camp to the city, or even when he makes his move from the tabernacle quiet of his dressing room to the white gauze of the ring.

Without doubt, Quarry's sparring partners were inferior, and his camp is, if not cheap, certainly far from being spendthrift. The corner, like the camp, is actually controlled by Quarry himself, the one person he may respect is Trainer

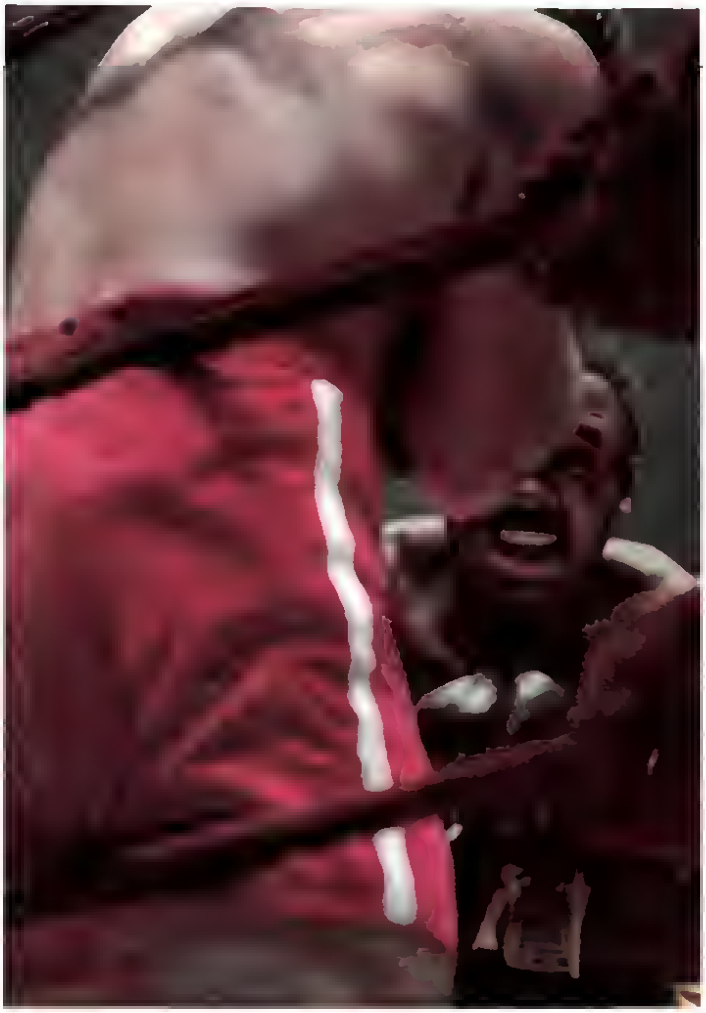
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Wearing his "lucky" golf hat, Quarry jigs around the ring, goes head to head with Frazier and shows the results of that tactic as Joe's eyes gleam in anticipation of victory.













Teddy Bentham, a fine architect of talent but a secretive man who does not command. None of this, though, contributed much to the fight's result. Quarry's mind was simply riveted on one thing a display of bravery, even at the risk of immolation. He intentionally fed himself to a machine that pounds everything into scrap, and the only thing he left with—a small enough reward—was the fact that he had been a participant in one of the most savage first rounds in heavyweight history.

For the entire three minutes of that round the two men, like two rhinos quarreling in the bush, stood in an eight-foot circle in the center of the ring and used no more than eight inches of space while punch after punch caromed off their heavy skulls. Quarry reached Frazier with the stiffest shots, two crackling right hands that only chased the sweat from Frazier's brow. At the end it was Quarry's round, but it was an expensive one. He really was going to make this fight a test of wills. Looking up at him, one could only think of the Wehrmacht crossing into Russia.

The message seemed obvious to most of the 16,570 who paid $502,518 to see Frazier defend his title of limited domain. Quarry was up against an inexorable tide. Not even his sharp punching would reverse the forward thrust of Frazier's marauding body, and the grunting Philadelphian's heavy punches that were blasting Quarry from every angle would never end. Quarry scored with powerful hooks to the liver and spleen in the second round, but after two minutes he seemed to be coming apart; he was flinching and his hand speed was in slower gear.

Throughout the first two rounds Quarry kept his right hand tied to his cheek. It was a stratagem that Oscar Bonavena had used effectively against Frazier, but Quarry's arm was not long enough to protect his face and body too. The sudden evil of Frazier's left hook—the calling card of all Philadelphia fighters—achieved its purpose. Quarry's right hand began to drop, and Frazier flashed a hook to the cheekbone, producing a cut that later required eight stitches. "The right was coming down," said Yank Durham, Frazier's manager, "so I hollered to him to double up on his hooks." Frazier was smiling when he met Quarry for the fourth round.

"He knew," said Durham, "and Jerry knew then that Joe had him. So I tell Joe to start movin' him around. Just keep touchin' him. Keep him busy, move the punches up and down, alternate the spots on the body and the power of the punches. In the fifth round Joe started to work behind a jab. He stiffed him with five or six good ones, and he put a beautiful right hand in behind the last one. Quarry's legs picked up, but he didn't go down. Joe came back to the corner, and he say: 'Damn, Yank, that man sure do have an iron chin.'

"I had a feelin'," added Durham, "that Jerry would come out smokin', and I told Joe to watch out for a right hand. Duck it, I told him, and don't put the hook upstairs but bang it to the body, because he'll be waitin' for you to come up and then he'll counter. It worked. It all worked. We had an idea to smother everything Quarry could throw, and we did. If Quarry needed two feet to throw a hook, Joe cut the distance to a foot. That was the plan—blanket Quarry's power."

Durham, as he has from the beginning, guided Frazier superbly. "The animal didn't draw a breath," said one manager, shaking his head. Frazier's physical condition, though, was never a question, but there was persistent concern over the flaws that seemed to cut him off from greatness. His jab was unhoned, his head was vulnerable and there was a monotony to his moves that invited deception. All of this is still true, but now only in part. He is vastly improved in each of these areas, and it is becoming evident that it will take a wrecking ball to separate him from consciousness. Imperfection also becomes insignificant when a man can work 15 rounds, fighting six minutes each round and throwing from 80 to 100 punches each round.

Joe Frazier's temperament has not changed much, however. He still follows instructions, trains doggedly and he has avoided the influence of the Philadelphia ghetto that has destroyed so many fighters. "That's the way I like a fighter," says Durham. "I don't want him thinkin' for himself when he's fightin'. I do the thinkin'. Joe, he starts thinkin', and I says, 'Joe, don't you go sawin' anything up there. I think, you fight.' "

Ravaged and desolate in defeat, unmarked and exultant in triumph—man and machine.

But Frazier, as Durham well knows, is not dense or even excessively compliant. He just understands the impositions of his deadly game, though he still quietly resents its intrusions on what he calls "my pleasure."

"Go spend some time with the young ladies," he once told a young fighter. "What are these people tryin' to get you into? You'll remember my advice when you're out doin' roadwork early in the mornin' and those boots start feelin' awful heavy after you've run three or four miles and you come to a hill you can't whip and your trainer yells out: 'I think you'd better go another three miles today.' "

Frazier's life of ease will not come for a time. First, there is Jimmy Ellis, who is the WBA champion, and then there is Muhammad Ali. Frazier, like Ellis, is seriously agitated over Ali's shadow, which has made both of them feel like peons waiting for Zapata astride his white horse. "They won't have to wait long," says Bob Arum, Ali's friend and former legal counsel for Main Bout, Inc. "By October, Ali will be clear of the courts and free to fight. By February, he'll be ready to fight. Frazier can have him, but then he might not be so rash." Says Ellis' manager, Angelo Dundee: "Forget Ali now. We want Frazier, and Ellis can beat him. You can bet your house he won't fight Frazier's format, like Quarry did. The idea is to win. No matter what else you have to do."

That is, of course, the paramount thought in the mind of a professional. Approaching a fight, he does not think of courage or cowardice, but rather he thinks of winning and whatever it takes to win, whether it is running or standing fast and fighting. What should have been a classic test—indomitable will against artfulness—was merely Frazier fighting a miniature Frazier. And while Quarry sat proudly talking to the press about how he regretted that the fight had not ended with him on his back, the crowd, which he so desperately had wanted to please, wandered out, fulminating over his ineptness. One wished he could have somewhere discovered the words of Tom Cribb, the barefist champion:

A hasty temper never show,
Nor strike your little friend a blow;
Far better wait till you are cool
And then half kill the little fool. **END**

DRUGS IN SPORT: Part 3

With the help of his doctor and his conscience, the average citizen makes most of his own decisions about drugs. But the athlete, a participant in organized games, cannot be permitted this luxury. If the pleasures of competition and joys of victory are worth keeping, sport must realize that it is . . .

HIGH TIME TO MAKE SOME RULES



by Bil Gilbert

Drugs can kill sport. That, one assumes, reflecting upon the filled ball parks, the jammed arenas and the sorry-no-standing-room reports from events such as the Masters, ought to be an exaggeration. But it is far from excessive to conclude that the increasing use of drugs by athletes poses a significant menace to sport, one that the athletic Establishment is assiduously trying to ignore. While commissioners, owners, managers, coaches and trainers pretend that the situation in 1969 is no different than it was 30 years ago when the most stimulating thing you got at a drugstore was a soda, the truth is that today's athletes are popping more pills for more purposes than are dreamt of in almost anybody's philosophy—or pharmacy.

In spite of this, only one major American sport has any drug regulations. That is horse racing, and though the subject of its attention is not human but animal, it provides an instructive example of how to face up to the drug problem in sport.

It can be claimed that horse racing is the sport with the worst reputation for doping. In a technical sense the reputation is deserved, since nowhere else in U S. sports do any drug regulations exist that can be broken. In 1967 the National Association of State Racing Commissioners reported 65 cases in which illegal drugs had been used on horses and fines or suspensions were ordered. There followed in 1968 the notable Dancer's Image incident in the Kentucky Derby. The drug involved was Butazolidin, which was used prior to the race to relieve soreness in the colt's ankle. At about the same time the drug was being prescribed to ease the pain in the throbbing shoulder of Boston Pitcher Jim Lonborg and was being taken by numerous other athletes in distress. But this is not surprising, for almost all of the drugs used by human athletes have been tried on horses. Among those that racing officials consider illegal within a specified time before a race are: painkillers, such as Novocain and the opiates; anti-inflammants, such as Butazolidin and corticosteroids; stimulants, such as amphetamine, strychnine and caffeine; sedatives, such as tranquilizers and barbiturates; anabolic steroids, antibiotics; and iodine (injected to slow down a horse).

But instead of implying that racing is

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a dirty sport, racing's drug rules suggest that, in this regard, at least, it is one of our least hypocritical. Racing has admitted that drugs can affect athletic performance, defined what doping is and established an apparatus to detect the practice and punish offenders. Other members of the athletic Establishment could do worse than study racing's regulatory drug procedures and philosophy.

One thing that makes the racing situation particularly instructive is that since the competition is between animals, the issues are not obscured by real or phony sentimentality. There is little pretense that anti-doping regulations exist for the good of the horses. The rules are for what racing potentates consider the good of the sport.

Most other sports have found it very difficult to deal with even this simple distinction. In the few sports (European cycling and soccer, and the Olympics) that do have meaningful anti-doping codes, the basis for establishing or defending them has been to protect the health and safety of the athlete. Paradoxically, the same grounds are often cited in other sports to explain why they have no doping rules: since there is no danger to life and limb because of drugs, there is no need to regulate drug use. "These young men are like sons to us," intone the men who run sport. "We are concerned with their well-being. We would never give them or let them take harmful drugs. There is no need to stir up a lot of rumors by passing unnecessary rules."

Assuming, just for the sake of argument, that some of this may be true, it is still not relevant. The cold, objective point is that drugs do not kill or corrupt enough athletes to constitute anything but a very minor public-health problem—so far. To use the protection-of-the-players argument to explain why drug regulations either are or are not necessary is intentionally or unintentionally misleading. The substantive problem is that drugs can corrupt a sport.

This is the key premise that has been accepted by racing. Without becoming embroiled in humane or metaphysical debates, racing has defined what sport is—or at least should be. Sport is a matching of two or more peers to determine who can best perform certain physical feats. For sport to be of interest, to have emotional impact, to be an artistic or a commercial success, the contestants must be as equal as possible. None should be allowed an artificial advantage over the others and, just as important, all suspicion of such advantage should be eliminated. Racing is most dogmatic on this point and has carried it to its logical conclusion. Horses are matched according to age, sex and past performances. Furthermore, in an attempt to make them all equal at the post, swifter animals are handicapped with extra weight. Racing has also unequivocally banned a long list of drugs on the grounds that if used they might give one horse an artificial edge.

Other sports at least implicitly accept this definition of sport. Every sport has rules, the basic purpose of which is to equalize competition. Like horses, many athletes are segregated for competition according to sex, age, size and skill. There are regulations governing equipment (the number of spikes in a shoe, for example), when one may practice (scholastic sports), where practices may be held (the 1968 Olympics). Without such discipline there is no sport. The rules, even such basic ones as how many shall compete for how long on what size field, court or course, are designed to focus attention on the men performing; to measure their weaknesses, virtues, speed, strength, agility, stamina, intelligence, instincts, resistance to pain and pressure and their self-control. The mystery and drama of sport, for both participants and spectators, has always been the unfolding action that occurs when men match these intangible elements of their characters. It is the thing that elevates sport to an art form, perhaps our oldest. However, the motive for using drugs is to remove both the drama and the mystery by literally fixing the outcome in the most subtle of all ways, by changing the character of the performers. Any use of drugs, no matter how benign they may be, is an attempt to destroy what is sporting about sport, to reduce sport to the status of an entertainment, a demonstration, a spectacle.

Acting on this assumption, that doping, or even the hint of it, is a sure way to despoil a sport, the racing Establishment, again avoiding hairsplitting, defined doping. Doping is giving a horse any of a number of compounds that a racing commission suspects might possibly make the animal run faster or slower than he otherwise would. The rules of the Illinois Racing Board are fairly typical: "Whoever administers or conspires to administer to any horse a drug or stimulant or depressant, internally, externally or by hypodermic method . . . or whoever knowingly enters any horse in any race within a period of 24 hours after any hypnotic or narcotic or stimulant or depressant has been administered . . . for the purpose of increasing or retarding the speed of such horse, is guilty of a felony and punishable by a fine of not more than $5,000, or by imprisonment in a state prison or a county jail for not less than one nor more than two years or by both such fine and imprisonment."

There follows a listing of what kinds of drugs are considered hypnotic, depressant, stimulatory, narcotic—almost all fall into one category or another.

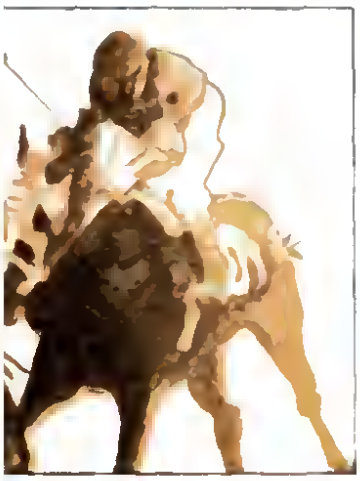


The rules, and the drugs banned, vary slightly from state to state. For example, if the Kentucky Derby was the Colorado Derby, there would have been no Dancer's Image scandal, Butazolidin being legal in Colorado. However, the list of illegal drugs is, by and large, much the same everywhere. It is a long one, as racing commissions have also avoided trying to make fine technical distinctions between restorative and additive drugs. If, for example, a horse has a sore leg and is given a drug such as Butazolidin, most racing commissions assume the motive was to remove the soreness, thus enabling the horse to run faster than he otherwise might. Therefore, giving Butazolidin is doping—tampering with performance.

Nor have racing commissions entered into arguments about the effectiveness of various drugs; does Butazolidin, a

tranquilizer or an amphetamine actually make a horse run faster? Horsemen have no better information on the subject than medicine men in other sports. The position of racing commissions is simply that if something is used with the intent of altering performance, the assumption will be that it does. "Butazolidin—or almost anything else—is dope because we say it is dope" is the essence of the regulations. This is an arbitrary, unscientific approach, but a practical one. Few other sports have been able to agree on this fundamental issue of what is dope, though enough formal definitions have been offered from time to time to fill a medium-sized rule book. Some of these include.

• "The intake of substances aiming to artificially increase during a competition



the performance of the competitor with detriment to the morale of the competitor and to his physical and psychic integrity must be considered doping." —Italian Federation of Sports Medicine

• "The use of any drug—effective or not—given with the intent to increase the performance in competition, must be considered as doping." The German League of Sports Physicians

• "Doping is the administration to, or the use by, a healthy individual of an agent foreign to the organism by whatsoever route introduced, or of physiological substances in abnormal quantities or introduced by an abnormal route with the sole object of increasing artificially and in an unfair manner the performance of that subject while participating in a competition. Certain psychological procedures designed to increase the performance of the subject may be regarded as doping."—Council of Europe Committee for Out-of-School Education.

All such definitions can be quickly attacked, and usually reduced to absurdity. "What," argues Dr. H. Kay Dooley, of Pomona, Calif., "is the ethical difference between giving anabolic steroids and wrapping an ankle? Both are done in an attempt to help the athlete perform better."

In May 1964 a conference on doping sponsored by UNESCO was convened in Belgium. The three-day affair, which drew 40 of the world's leading sports physicians and physiologists, foundered on its first question—what is doping? After listening to one particularly weighty, academic definition, Professor Ernst Jokl, head of the first German institute on sports medicine and now a physiologist at the University of Kentucky, snorted "Medieval Scholasticism." He then suggested that three steaks eaten by a hammer thrower might be a physiological substance in abnormal quantity and therefore dope.

One possible way out of the definition morass was suggested by Professor E. J. Ariens, a Dutch physician. He would, by fiat, declare that there is no such thing as doping: let anyone take anything he wants so long as he gets it from a licensed physician. Said Ariens at the UNESCO conference: "We live in a time when sportsmen are sold from one league or club to another. There is a gliding scale from pure professionalism in sport via semiprofessionalism and quasi-nonprofessionalism to true uncomplicated sportive competition by amateurs. Rigid training schedules of eight hours and more a day are accepted and considered 'natural.' Maybe for certain forms of professionalism in sport, the acceptance of expert-controlled conditioning by drugs would be less detrimental than today's clandestine and backward use of these means, which brings about unnecessary risks for the health of many of our favorite sportsmen."

Ariens' approach has the obvious advantage of doing away with hypocrisy, which in itself is one of the most corrupting features of drug usage. However, the proposal has several serious drawbacks, the most important of which has already been noted: the use of drugs strikes at the fundamental nature of sport, namely, competition between equals. Given their head, most athletes and their attendants could be expected to start a mad scramble, a sort of sports equivalent of the arms race, as they tried to find new, secret drugs that would give them at least a temporary advantage over the opposition. The winners in such a situation might well not be the best athletes but the richest, those with the best technological resources at their disposal.

"We are already reaching the point, in the Olympics, for example, where competitors from affluent, developed nations have a real advantage," says Dr. Allan J. Ryan of the University of Wisconsin. "If we don't do something to control drug use, this could bring about the same situation in many sports. Suppose, though I don't think it is the case, that $150 worth of anabolic steroids would improve the performance of a high school football player by 10%. The boys who can spend $150, or the teams that can pay $3,000 or so for the drugs, are theoretically going to have a 10% advantage over those that can't."

Given the difficulty—or impossibility—of finding a rational definition for dope, the alternative to Professor Ariens' suggestion of adopting a hands-off policy seems to be settling on a practical, if arbitrary, definition, as has been done by horse racing. In the process you let the logical chips fall where they may. Thus while both aspirin and Novocain are drugs, a sporting body may say, in a regulatory way, "Aspirin—yes (it is common, cheap, universally available, mild), but Novocain—no (it is more potent, more difficult to obtain and administer)." Such a ruling is indisputably authoritarian, but so, fundamentally, is the restriction requiring that a football team have only 11 men on the field at the same time. It amounts to simply saying this is one rule of the game—and if you play, you play by the rules.

Such an approach has been used by certain athletic bodies—the International Olympic Committee, for one—which have tried to control drug usage. The IOC announced, in essence, that though there were a lot of drugs being used, if in the 1968 Games you were caught using alcohol (in excess), amphetamines, ephedrine, cocaine, vasodilators, opiates, certain analgesics or hashish, you would be regarded as a cheat and punished. That was the rule.

Horse racing also has openly recognized another sporting phenomenon that others often attempt to ignore. To put

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it politely, it is in the nature of competitors to seek whatever advantage they can get. To put it bluntly, the compulsion to cheat is strong in athletes. The rules of the artificial world of sport correspond to the physical laws of the real world; they delineate the areas within which we can perform. The desire to circumvent these restrictions is a sort of Faustian impulse that in many ways can heighten sporting suspense. Take, as an obvious example, the rolling start in track. This is an attempt to be on the move a split second before the gun is fired and is an illegal technique. However, it is one which all sprinters know, many of them because they have been taught to roll by their coaches. It is the responsibility of the starter to catch the rolling sprinter and penalize him. The duel between the runner and rule enforcer can be a high moment in a track meet. However, unless the starter wins the argument most of the time, there is no suspense—and no sport.

So it is, say racing officials, with drugs. It is not enough to say thou shalt not dope. No matter what is said, the assumption is that veterinarians, trainers, owners, jockeys and hangers-on are going to try now and then to drug horses. Therefore, if drugging is regarded as a serious offense, there must be an apparatus for detecting cheaters, a code by which they will be punished.

All racing commissions have such an apparatus and code, though the efficiency, vigor and sincerity of enforcement varies from place to place. Also, nobody claims that the methods currently used are foolproof, that all drugged horses are discovered or that all drug givers are punished. However, the fact remains that a serious effort toward this end is made. Furthermore, with a few exceptions, the trend in American racing is to improve the detection system and to tighten drug restrictions.

By contrast, not a single major U.S. sporting organization, amateur or professional, governing human competitors has specific anti-doping regulations with an enforcement apparatus. In the way of negative examples, the following are among the statements or documents of some big U.S. sports regarding their drug policies.

• Warren Giles, president of the National Baseball League, says that there is nothing in the rules about prohibition of drug use. "Nothing has ever come to my attention that would require a special ruling. It never has come up, and I don't think it ever will." (He would do well to check the locker rooms of a few of his teams before a game and watch who swallows what.)

• "The American League has no rules regarding pep pills, painkillers, etc. Baseball players don't use those types of things," says the league's executive assistant, Bob Holbrook.

• Professional football. "We have rules on gambling, etc., but none on medical matters," says NFL-AFL Publicity Director Don Weiss. "These are left to the club physicians and the club trainers in both leagues."

• Says the American Basketball Association: "A player should not do anything which is detrimental to the best interests of the club, of the ABA or of pro sports. He must always remain in good condition."

• "We have no written rules on the subject of drugs," says Haskell Cohen, for 17 years the National Basketball Association publicity director. "The league does not interfere with individual club trainers."

• National Hockey League officials say they do not recall ever issuing any statement or laying down rules about the use of drugs. Ken McKenzie—now publisher of *The Hockey News* and longtime NHL publicity director—says, "I can honestly say that in my 17 years with the NHL, I never heard any talk about drugs."

• "Responding to your request for verbatim rules and policies of the NCAA and NAIA on the use of pep pills, weight builders, painkillers, etc., neither organization has any formal rules or stated policy on this matter. The NCAA says it relies on trainers and team physicians to protect the welfare of its athletes. The NAIA says no need has arisen for formal rules or policy statements," reports a Kansas City correspondent.

• Howard Grubbs, executive secretary of the Southwest Conference: "We don't have any regulations on drugs, alcoholic beverages or anything. That's up to the individual schools."

• William E. (Pinky) Newell, trainer at Purdue University and for 16 years the executive secretary of the National Athletic Trainers Association: "All trainers are very much opposed to the use of drugs, but as an association no policies have been made or initiated or directed to anyone at all because this is a medical problem."

• From the minutes of the May 20, 1967 meeting of the team physicians of the Pacific Eight Conference: "We recommend that the conference adopt a policy endorsing the American Medical Association Committee on the Medical Aspects of Sports' suggestions on drug usage in athletics, particularly with reference to banning the use of pep pills, anabolic steroids and any other artificial aids which hopefully and supposedly improve performance." The resolution was not acted upon.

• A letter dated Dec. 1, 1967 from Edwin J. Holman, director of the AMA's Department of Medical Ethics to a San Francisco physician: "I have your letter of November 29 asking if it is legal and ethical for you 'to prescribe moderate doses of anabolic agents to weight lifters for two or three weeks prior to competition, followed by intervals of three months or more without these agents.' No categorical answer can be made to your inquiry inasmuch as this is basically a medical question. The physician must exercise sound medical judgment in prescribing any drug. Sound medical judgment is not determined by the courts, but rather by fellow physicians. . . ."

A variety of reasons are given for the absence of any drug regulations. The most common is that there is no problem, that doping is something that is done only by depraved European bicycle racers; "therefore there is no need for rules in our sport."

Such remarks made about almost any sport are at the very least nonsense, and at worst deliberate lies. In almost any American sport athletes are using drugs which, if they were horses, European cyclists or soccer players or Olympians, would get them suspended, fined or even imprisoned.

If a no-drugging code were suddenly implemented at midseason in pro football, it is doubtful that a single team could field an offense or defense. Indeed, if such a code is ever passed in pro football, careers are certain to be affected and there will be a difficult period of adjustment.

A somewhat more subtle anti-regulation argument is that most drugs used by athletes to improve performances may not do so. Since, it is argued, they are ineffective *i.e.*, they

don't change the outcome of a game—why legislate against them? If this is valid, it suggests a practical course of action that the sports Establishment might follow, one that might clear up much of the drug mess. As things stand now, very few serious efforts have been made to find out what many of the commonly used drugs do or do not do for athletes. However, getting such information is not a technical impossibility, as is sometimes hinted.

"My own feeling," says Dr. Harold Upjohn, an ex-athlete from Yale who is now research head of The Upjohn Company, "is that there probably will be and perhaps already are drugs that will affect human performance. For example, there is a suggestion that oxygen may be used to influence intelligence. I think the drug industry will start moving toward finding and marketing potentiating drugs, ones that allow people to do things they might not otherwise be able to do. Insofar as sport is concerned, it might cost a little money and take some time, but it would not be difficult to test some, say, amphetamines, to determine how much they alter performance. Whether they should or should not be used would then be a matter for sports organizations to decide."

In their present state of relative affluence, it seems that the athletic ruling bodies should, if they could pull themselves together, be able to pay for the kind of studies Upjohn suggests, studies that would be conducted by an independent research organization. If some drugs did prove to have a measurable effect on performance, then the sports organizations would be in a position to decide, on the basis of factual evidence, whether they should be used by all competitors, or by none. The matter would at least be out in the open.

But the very suggestion of enforcing drug regulations chills many athletes and administrators. The indignity of the practice, of treating American boys like Thoroughbred horses, is frequently cited as a deterrent. However, athletes customarily take physical examinations, swear to their amateur status, have equipment inspected to see that it conforms to rules, are declared ineligible in many sports if they gamble, beat up referees or fail Basket Weaving II. In comparison to these matters, submitting to a drug test should not amount to cruel or unusual punishment.

Drug tests are impractical, time-consuming and too expensive, runs another rebuttal that does not bear close examination. In Mexico City in 1968 a thousand Olympic athletes were tested for drugs during a two-week period. Horses, larger and more fractious than athletes, are routinely tested. Furthermore, no drug test depends for its effect on examining all participants. A random selection is made. The possibility of being among the group tested acts as something of a deterrent for all. As an example, one testing team that would show up unannounced each Sunday in a professional football locker room would do more to halt the use of drugs than a lifetime of proclamations



and warnings by commissioners, physicians, trainers, etc.

Another frequently heard objection is that tests cannot eliminate drug cheating, because athletes will find ways to beat them. No system is perfect. Some sprinters do get rolling starts no matter how vigilant the starter, but not nearly so many do as would if starters did not police the procedure. Logic alone indicates that the threat of being caught would deter many dope users. Evidence from the few sports where control has been tried support logic. The International Olympic Committee, in announcing the 1968 drug-testing procedures, said, "It is interesting to cite the fact that in October of 1967, during the Third International Sports Competition held in Mexico [the Little Olympics], the medical commission established the basis for the special tests that were effected on the participating athletes. A total of 234 tests were made, all of them turning out negatively. Without a doubt, a prior publication of the fact that tests were to be made caused those who might have thought of using drugs to abstain from doing so. It is hoped that the same results will be apparent in the Games of the XIX Olympiad." The same results were apparent; only one athlete among the 1,000 tested was found to be doped. His drug—alcohol.

The arguments against defining what is dope, writing anti-dope regulations and enforcing them are usually convincing in only one respect. They make it clear that many people in sport are afraid that such rules would either force them to change their current drug practices or have them exposed. In the final analysis, this fear and the guilt feelings it engenders are more shocking than the drug practices themselves. Rationally—and legally—there is no reason for the guilt, particularly in America where there are no laws prohibiting the use of any legally obtained drug. A shotputter who takes prescribed anabolic steroids is breaking no law. He risks no punishment. Yet most such athletes feel guilty, as do many physicians who inject Novocain and hand out pep pills. Each "off the record," "no comment," "I don't know anything about it," each—let's say it—*lie* adds another thread to the fabric of guilt. It gives further evidence that unless controls are established the present practices inevitably will lead to a sports scandal and humiliation.

This pervasive feeling of guilt among those involved sets forth better than any amount of expert testimony at least two important facts. Those responsible for the administration of athletics are not happy with the present drug policies. They are unhappy because they believe the policies are self-corrupting, and if what they—as members of the sports Establishment—are doing becomes public knowledge, they will be regarded as corrupt, and as corrupters.

There are other factors tending to destroy sport: too much money, too much pressure, too much exposure. The total influence of them all is to fix games, to remove the fundamental drama, the mystery and the art of sport by dehumanizing it. Short of slipping ringer robots into the lineup, the use of drugs, so far as intent goes, is the most dehumanizing practice of the lot. END

IT'S STILL A HOPPING HOLIDAY

If you happen to be brooding somewhere deep in your own urban crisis when the Fourth of July rolls around, just as sure as there's gin in the tonic somebody is going to ask what happened to those good old Fourths—days committed to three-legged races, the aroma of hot dogs on hot air, shrieks at a softball game and shouts of oratory in the park. It used to be a real Roman Candle of a day. It still is, but to find it you have to get off the freeways and the turnpikes that now bypass most of America's small towns. Here and on the following pages are the celebrations of Eveleth, Minn., where kids and Calumpthian (def. a noisy parade) make the Fourth rank first as a holiday, at Bexley, Ohio, where church floats roll beneath elm and oak, at Stonington, Me., where the games haven't changed but the prizes have—the winners once got silver dollars but now, alas, mere dollar bills, and finally at Kotzebue, Alaska, where, perhaps to make up for lost time, the Fourth of the North lasts a whole week.

EVELETH, MINN.

For 40 years the Fourth has had its special bounce as the gunnysack race down Grant Avenue spurs the competitive spirit. Just as athletically minded is the group (upper right) about to join the parade, where it will represent those sports common to the town.

CONTINUED











BEXLEY, OHIO

You've got to love a parade, even one that makes the marchers as tense as these from nearby West Milton. They, along with such prize-winners as the Methodist church's Johnny Appleseed, celebrate American history. Honored, too, is the flag, as cyclers swirl past one and a contestant holds another.







STONINGTON, ME.

The glory of the Fourth is as often as not the glory of competition. Sometimes it's neat as a Betsy Ross float, sometimes it's sweaty as the climb up Russ' Hill in the four-mile footrace, sometimes it's itchy as a burlap bag and sometimes it's, well, it's a lot more fun than Mom ever let's a fellow have at home.







KOTZEBUE, ALASKA

Adapting their old games to their new holiday, Eskimos celebrate the Fourth Alaskan style with a treacherous form of blanket toss—the main object is height—and a female tug-of-war, the natives against the outlanders, an event the native ladies have never lost.



JACK DANIEL'S MILLER checks the grain as it comes to the Hollow, just to make sure he's buying the best.



Our miller meets each grain truck and inspects it by sticking a grain thief deep into the load. If there's any damp grain, he's sure to hit it. Then he checks sample kernels for quality. But he seldom has cause to turn back a load. The folks we buy from know how particular he is, and so they bring only their best. After a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll be glad we have such good friends.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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A LITTLE LACE GOES A LONG, LONG WAY

To get to the top of the fashion set, says Tennis Designer Teddy Tinling, always start at the bottom

by ***GWILYM S. BROWN***

Teddy is big but he moves fast. Teddy has the feeling that if he ever slows down, the tennis Establishment will nail him. The Establishment never forgets. It has never forgiven him for the lace panties affair, and everybody knows all that was years ago. Then there was the thing with the peekaboo dress. But Teddy Tinling, who talks like a hot popcorn-popper—maybe faster than any man alive—can explain all that. If Wimbledon will only listen. Listen, Wimbledon:

It all starts with the tournament committee. Solid types. It also all starts with Tinling, now a leading London fashion designer. On one side people insist that the committee is just as dedicated to thwarting the march of tennis fashion as it is to putting on the tournament. On the other side people grimly point out that if such is the case the committee has not had much luck.

This year at Wimbledon, as in the past, many of the women players have been draped, fitted, zipped, snapped and buttoned into Teddy Tinling tennis clothes. The list includes such leading lights as Julie Heldman and Peaches Bartkowicz of the U.S.; Virginia Wade and Ann Jones of Britain, Judy Tegart of Australia; and, in fact, the No. 1 players from about a dozen countries. Tinling figures about two-thirds of the entry list came on wearing his designs. Oh, not everybody. Billie Jean King, for example, just won't. Billie Jean sticks to a workmanlike outfit of knitted shirt and pleated skirt. But almost everybody.

Tinling is the biggest name in his field. He also is the biggest man in his field—



TAKING A TUCK at the last minute, Tinling gets Maria Bueno set for Wimbledon

6′ 5″ tall. He obviously would stand out in any group this side of the Boston Celtics, but Teddy would be conspicuous at any old height. Tinling was 59 years old on June 23 but he dresses like a mod pop singer 40 years younger. Wild, wide ties, beads, bell-bottoms and all that. No shoulder-length hair, however. All Teddy has left is a thin, light brown monk's fringe just above the ears, but the shining glow on top is more impressive anyway. In fact, the bald head, his towering height, a nose like an ax, bright, pale blue eyes and a verbal delivery create impact. Pop-pop-pop-pop!

Teddy Tinling designs create quite an impact, too. Marketed by English Calico, Ltd. of London, they are available all over the world. But where the fashion battle lines are really drawn, so far as Tinling's life has been concerned, are on the green lawns of the All England Club in south London. This is Wimbledon, where white is right. Tinling screams for color in tennis. Wimbledon insists on white. And the clash between Tinling and Wimbledon over who can wear what has created almost as much excitement over the years as five-set finals in center court. The tournament committee looks upon itself as a last bulwark protecting what is left of English good sense and respectability. Teddy Tinling looks upon it as something else entirely.

"So far as fashion is concerned, Wimbledon is an outdated enclave," snorts Tinling. "They are determined on a policy of insularity. They positively don't want to know. But I am not going to hold back the whole world of progress just because of Wimbledon."

In an attempt to shock the tournament committee out of its white rut, Tinling has thrown in a wide arsenal of teasers: lace panties, gold lamé panties, pink panties, pink petticoats, the peekaboo look. The result has often as not simply been a white backlash—with bans on color being instituted in 1949 and again in 1962.

"One year we put a lot of color *underneath*, and this was the thing that drove them mad because they are so stupidly sensitive about themselves," says Tinling, turning up the heat. "That year, 1962, when Maria Bueno was wearing color on her underpants, they actually built up in their own minds that I had put the All England Club's colors [purple and green] across Bueno's backside as a deliberate insult to them."

One of the reasons behind Tinling's success as a designer is that he was once a pretty fair tennis player himself—he played in the doubles at Wimbledon four times—and he is hip to the requirements of a competitive player. "Teddy's line is so good," says a Wimbledon regular, "because he plays himself and knows how to give freedom without spoiling the appearance of a dress." At any rate, he knows tennis and he knows a good player from a bad player. But from his workshop on the top floor of a huge, dowdy, yellow brick building overlooking a railroad yard that leads out of London to the west, Tinling would much prefer to look back and reminisce about a series of Wimbledons that have nothing to do with service aces, overhead smashes and match points. It is a Wimbledon history that deals with *broderie anglaise*, mimosa yellow or the cocoon.

Tinling came into tennis through the South of France, not a bad entrance. He was asthmatic as a child, and his parents moved to Nice from London to give the youngest of three boys the benefit of clean air and a warm climate. He spent a good deal of time in bed, privately tutored, but took up tennis at 12 on his doctor's advice that he get some outdoor exercise. He promptly joined the luxury world of the Continental tennis circuit. In 1927 Teddy was invited by Wimbledon to serve during the tournament as the liaison man between the committee and the players. For the next 22 years Tinling served as maitre d'hotel of the center court, escorting the players out of the wings and onto the green lawn stage. In 1931 he moved back to London, became a dress designer and soon was running one of Mayfair's more successful fashion houses.

"At the age of 21 I decided it was time to get down to it," recalls Teddy. "So just like that I said, 'Bingo! I am now a dressmaker.' I had done a great deal of fiddling while I was ill in bed. I had been sewing since I was 3 or 4. I had always had a great deal of interest in it all."

In 1947 central focus at Wimbledon was on Jack Kramer, who destroyed Tom Brown in the men's final 6-1, 6-3, 6-2. Hardly noticed by anyone—well, except all the girl watchers and Teddy Tinling—was a yellow-haired, rosy-complexioned English lass named Joy Gannon. She did not survive the third round.

continued



SKIRTS ASWIRL. Gussie Moran left 1949 tennis fans agog with lace panties (*above*). In 1965 Tinling wrapped Lea Pericoli in 400 roses.



But she was wearing Teddy's first Wimbledon tennis dress.

"This was really a great milestone," Tinling says with unabashed enthusiasm, "because first of all it was my very first Wimbledon dress and secondly because Joy Gannon was so typically English. I decided to put a very small colored hem at the bottom. This was really the beginning of a process which is still reverberating."

The tremors were not really felt, however, until the following year. England's No. 1 player, Betty Hilton, along with Teddy and the girl watchers, also had noticed Joy Gannon's blue and pink hems and asked Teddy to design something similar for the pre-Wimbledon Wightman Cup matches with the U.S.

Teddy did. All was serene until Mrs. Hilton was demolished in her opening match by Louise Brough 6-1, 6-1. According to Tinling, the colored hem was blamed for the crushing defeat. In fact, because she felt so strongly that tennis should be played in an all-white costume, Hazel Wightman, the founder of these matches, asked that Betty give up the further use of color on the hem of her dress. Furious at what he deemed a thwarting of progress as ludicrous as a Danish king's ordering the tide not to come in, Tinling aimed a rapid-fire burst at Mrs. Wightman: "Do you see yourself as a Queen Canute?" he asked.

"It was an unhappy experience for Mrs. Hilton and an unhappy experience for me," says Tinling, "but it set the pattern and we all knew where we stood." Where they stood was with Teddy Tinling and his dresses on one side of the color barrier, the tennis Establishment on the other side. In 1949 girls checking in at the Wimbledon dressing room found a note pinned to one of the shelves simply stating that white would be worn. Result: exit color, enter something far more titillating. That would be Gussie Moran and her lace panties. Tinling vs. Wimbledon Milestone No. 2 had been reached.

"Gussie was a very sexy girl who always played in very tight shorts," Tinling recalls. "As I said at the time, she was, like Lana Turner, a real sweater girl. The fellows used to crawl up the wall with delight when they saw her. A couple of months before the 1949 Wimbledon, Gussie wrote to me demanding color. 'My life is a colorful life,' she said, 'and I've got red Indian blood and I like pink on one side of my hair and blue on the other side and yellow at each bust.' I've often reread the letter since because I've often wondered if I ever believed it. But I knew after the fuss created in 1948 by Betty Hilton's colored hems that we had no chance for color in 1949. We had to search for something else demonstrably feminine."

The search proved to be a smashing success. The 1949 Wimbledon produced Ted Schroeder's exciting five-set finals victory over the Czech refugee, Jaroslav Drobny, and Louise Brough's second consecutive win in the women's singles, but the lace panties that showed in flashes around Gorgeous Gussie's shapely bottom produced just as many thrills. The Duchess of Kent, the All England Club's president, pronounced herself as amused by Gussie's lacy unmentionables. But not the Wimbledon tournament committee. For three years they had stirred uneasily at the sight of the wide, vivid ties that Teddy enjoyed displaying as he performed his duties at center court. The Wimbledon brass also had read with dismay some of the candid articles Tinling wrote for tennis magazines on the subject of women's figures and how to drape them for tennis. Gussie was just too much. Tinling was being vulgar. He was bringing sin into tennis.

At a cocktail party immediately following the tournament Tinling was given a public dressing down by Wimbledon Chairman Sir Louis Gregg and promptly resigned his post with the club. Teddy was through as far as official Wimbledon was concerned—but in fashion he was just reaching his prime. Gussie's lace panties had made Tinling's name as well known in the world of tennis fashion as Christian Dior in the world of haute couture.

Last week Tinling stood at his worktable and looked back at the years since Gussie. He was nostalgic about the many alarums and excursions of the past. He wondered if commercial pressures weren't killing the imagination and freshness of his ideas. Tinling was to play in an important league bowling match that night—he averages 180—and he had a conference scheduled that afternoon with his owners. To deal with both situations he was dressed in a black Dacron shirt, the cuffs folded back over a black cashmere sweater; a trim-fitting pair of houndstooth-checked bell-bottoms; wide, blunt-toed black loafers custom-made in Portugal; and three strings of beads—one in turquoise, two in simulated gold, only partially hidden under a powder blue India silk scarf knotted at the neck.

"Lace panties was a hard act to follow," Tinling declared, fingering his beads and building up to a recollection of Wimbledon Milestone No. 3, "but what we did in 1950 sowed the seeds for my life because it was the first garment we ever exported. Magnin's in California picked it up. It was just a little shirt-and-shorts affair made of a fancy fabric, *broderie anglaise*, with little patterns cut through it. The United Press fashion girl called it the peekaboo suit, and the name sold it.

"Gussie wore it and Beverly Baker wore it. The big impact was Beverly Baker. She was the first person who was undeniably a good player because the cry before had always been frivolity. Everyone said Gussie was frivolous and that she couldn't play and nobody but a fool would have done that and nobody sensible—a good English word—nobody *sensible* would have done what Gussie did. Well, Beverly Baker came here and proved that she was sensible and still wore the peekaboo. Even so, they accused her of being indecent. She reached the semifinals."

In 1952 Tinling made it all the way to the winner's circle. But his first Wimbledon winner came from an unexpected quarter. He had been asked by Australian Coach Harry Hopman to design the clothes for the Aussie men's team and Tinling's first winner was Frank Sedgman. But 24 hours later Maureen Connolly won, playing in suitably youthful dresses embroidered with tiny white-on-white kittens and butterflies and poodles. She thus became the designer's first all-victorious female.

"They always had said my girls couldn't play," says Tinling, referring to what seems to have been thought of as no more than a group of racket-swinging models. "I had gone through a great period of sensitivity about these remarks and so my aim was to dress a Wimbledon winner. Maureen was undeniable proof that sensible people could take an interest in pretty clothes."

The 1954 Wimbledon was notable for the fact that Jaroslav Drobny won his first and only major championship and that Maureen Connolly, though still only 19 years old, won her last. Then for

Teddy the 1955 Wimbledon was notable for the attainment of two more milestones—No. 5 and No. 6. Milestone No. 5 was the fact that Tinling confounded his most antagonistic critics by doing a superbly dignified job of dressing Doris Hart, a woman Tinling refers to with great affection as "a bastion of tremendous dignity and unimpeachable good taste." To offset the slimness of her figure, Tinling combined a long classic pleated skirt, stretched down tightly over the hips, with something resembling a coachman's revers as part of the blouse. Doris liked it so well that when she returned to the open Wimbledon of 1968 she asked for the same design.

Milestone No. 6 was more characteristic: he dressed Italy's Lea Pericoli, who radiated prettiness like a Fourth of July sparkler, in a pink petticoat. Pericoli and her pink petticoat caused considerably more excitement at Wimbledon in '55 and considerably less satisfaction to its wearer. "It caused an absolute furor," Tinling says. "Petticoats were all the rage in America. Everyone was looking like absolute dolls there, and I thought, well, there's certainly a place for that in tennis. It was the first time we had created a completely new garment. There had never been a tennis petticoat in history."

Then, in 1957, Althea Gibson won the Wimbledon singles and thus became the first Negro ever to win a major tennis championship. She won again at Wimbledon in 1958. The social consequence of Althea's victories tended to mute even the fact that in 1958 Tinling had designed a pair of lace-covered gold lamé underpanties for Florida's blonde, shapely Karol Fageros. Earlier Teddy introduced the cocoon to tennis couture. The cocoon, originally a rather shapeless, sacklike tennis dress, lives on to this day in a slightly different form.

"The shift, which came out of the cocoon, has become an immortal thing," Tinling says, never one to balk at the prospect of immortality. "It has gone on for 10 years, and we're still doing them. Fashion is like nature. You have to experiment and only the good survives."

The Wimbledon of 1958 also marked the arrival of Brazil's tempestuous Maria Bueno on the scene. This inspired some of Tinling's brightest moments—and a few other things as well. "Something had to be done about Bueno," says Tinling. "It marked my second time up, feeling that color must come back. She had this fantastic brooding character, the impression of an imminent storm, and I had to illustrate that in some way. Color had to be used somewhere."

To decorate Bueno's underpants and the lining of her skirt, Tinling devised, in 1962, a sunburst of diamond-shaped petals. He featured a different color for each of seven or eight outfits. Maria romped through the tournament for several days without her colors causing any critical concern. But then she turned up in a royal blue and turquoise affair that looked close enough to Wimbledon's official colors to inspire the belief that Teddy was having the Establishment on. This little number was followed by a costume enlivened with dashes of Italian pink. She wore it during a losing semifinal match.

"It was a very dramatic match," says Tinling, "and she lost in a storm of clouds and bad temper and arguments with the foot-fault judge, all interspersed with flashes of pink." But pink flashes apparently startled everybody too much, and later, in the fall of 1962, the Wimbledon committee decided to ban color for a second time.

This led to what Tinling refers to as the hospital years, a frustratingly aseptic era. Tinling called a conference of the women players he calls his trend setters. They decided to play it cool in all white for a couple of years at least and then assess public reaction.

To help steer him through those trying days, Tinling went straight into the enemy camp. He hired Angela Mortimer, a slender, resolute girl, a long-time All England Club member who had won the Wimbledon singles championship in 1961, as a sort of liaison officer. She liaises with Teddy's trendy-set players and she liaises with the Wimbledon tournament committee. It works nicely because Wimbledon's poobahs are Angela's old friends. She sees them socially, something her boss can never be accused of doing. "I see them occasionally," Tinling reports. "Our conversations are always very brittle."

"I feel very strongly about preserving the English look," says Angela. "A tennis player should always be immaculate. No one should use tennis to display fantastic-looking dresses. Teddy at least has very good taste. But if you let down the barriers it is hard to tell what is likely to come in. Where Teddy might do polka dots or stripes, say, in nice pastels, another designer would come on in live red."

Teddy may still come on in live red now that the hospital period has ended with the coming of color television to Wimbledon. But, if 1969 marks another milestone in the Tinling vs. Tradition contest, it is that he is more determined than ever to use Wimbledon as a conservative showcase for the more lively styles he will export to the rest of the world.

At his "eve of Wimbledon" show, Teddy trotted out Heldman and Bartkowicz in *Star-Spangled Banner* outfits: skirts lined with red and white stripes, then trimmed around the hem with stars on a blue ribbon, all this topped off with star-printed headbands. California's 18-year-old Kristy Pigeon wore a lavender satin outfit trimmed in—what else?—feathered pigeons. There were other new Tinling touches: a knee-length maxidress, complete with blue tights and a full scattering of embroidered rosebuds and wreaths. All of them did not make it to the courts clad like that, but "these are the winds of change," he said.

"Now the world wants color," says Tinling. "Only Wimbledon does not want color. Some of the bastions of American conservatism have pulled down the notices that say players must wear white. But not Wimbledon. Last year the BBC color people got so bored with endless shots of white clothes and green lawns that during one match they had six separate shots of the orange juice on the umpire's chair."

Pop-pop-crackle-scorch-pop. **END**



Henry Dyer, a reserve running back for the Rams, is in a little trouble with the National Guard. Assigned to guard duty, Dyer showed up on time all right with a sleeping bag.

Senator Stuart Symington (D., Mo.) was happy about one thing after the Democrats had lost the eighth annual congressional baseball game to the Republicans by a score of 6-2, thanks in large part to the pitching of **Vinegar Bend Mizell**, late of the National League and currently a Republican Congressman from North Carolina. Symington had asked the Cards for a uniform, and they had sent him Stan Musial's No. 6. "I just asked the Cardinals to lend me a uniform," the Senator said, stunned. "I would as soon have asked for the Hope diamond to wear on an evening outing as ask for Musial's uniform." Later Symington spoke of the actual defeat from the floor of the Senate, winding up his observations with, "I would like to close with three hits of advice to future Democratic batsmen, inasmuch as through trades and drafts we may lose a few. First, on the fastball I suggest that if you hear the ball hit the glove, it is probably fruitless to swing. Second, in handling the curve do not be alarmed by the noise. It is the normal sound of the landing gear falling into place. Finally, if you have been standing there for 60 seconds and you have not noticed anything, perhaps you should walk with dignity back to the dugout. You are out."



◆



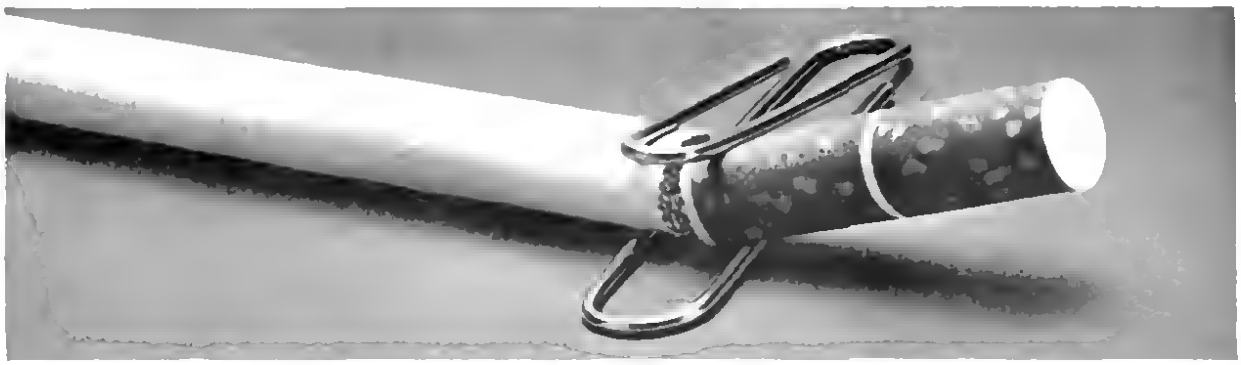
• **Vladimir Horowitz** turns out to be a 100%, true-blue with-it Cardinal fan, to the surprise of a number of people, including the Cardinals. Horowitz got to meet his heroes before a recent Mets game and was photographed with **Lou Brock**. He proved to be up on the name of Brock's daughter and **Curt Flood**'s portrait painting. He matched grips with **Ron Swoboda**, autographed a toy piano for **Gil Hodges** and accepted an autographed ball which he said he would keep beside **Bob Gibson**'s autobiography *From Ghetto to Glory*, which adorns his coffee table. "I remember going to some kind of concert once," Gibson told Horowitz. "The man next to me was snoring and I laughed at him, but 10 minutes later I was asleep, too."

◆ For some reason when American athletes hit London they go trad, not mod. Now it's **Arthur Ashe** and **Stan Smith** all decked and brollied up, looking every inch the insurance executives they have become since the establishment (with **Charlie Pasarell** and **Bob Lutz**) of First Service Insurance Agency, Inc. First Service is the newest subsidiary of the Fidelity Corporation, based in Richmond, Va., and it will really get going after Wimbledon when the lads put away their rackets for awhile and buckle down to selling life insurance. The new business venture is one reason Ashe was in a position to turn down a $500,000 pro tennis contract. "I value freedom more than money," he says, "and this gives me a chance to retain that freedom."

Country and Western singer **Charley Pride** played minor league ball before his singing career really jelled, and he still thinks with longing of the majors. "Someday I hope to buy, or help buy, a professional baseball team," Charley says. "That way I know I will make the major leagues, even if I just play one day." The question is, would that be doing it the easy way or the hard way?

Mickey Wright and **Shirley Englehorn** were the third and fourth leading money-winners on the LPGA tour some weeks ago. Now Shirley is still fourth but Mickey has dropped to sixth, possibly as a result of a recent set-to with Demon Tobacco. The girls bet each other $1,000 that neither would smoke a cigarette until September. From the word go (or from the word stop) Mickey was having the tougher time. "Mickey told me she was a nervous wreck on the drive here," said Cuzzy Mingolla, co-owner of the Pleasant Valley Country Club in Sutton, Mass. "She locked herself in her motel room for two days, didn't want to talk to anybody. She was really shaken up." A few days later Mickey lit a cigarette and wrote out a check for $1,000. "I lasted eight days," she said, "but it was killing me. It seemed more like eight months. I feel a lot less nervous now." So does Shirley Englehorn. "I'm happier, even if I'm not healthier," she said, puffing away. Happier Shirley may be, unhealthier she may be, richer she is not. She accepted Mickey's check and tore it up.

Things may not be going too well for a current ex-quarterback, but they are still O.K. for his namesake **Broadway Joe** the horse. Broadway Joe the horse is a three-month-old colt, by **Frank** and **Mary Chapot**'s Good Twist out of Tomboy, the show-jumping champions. He has been notable from birth for his fondness for young ladies and for being scratched on the rump.



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Replay of the 12th-man theme

Coach Pepper Rodgers had an extra man on the field again, but this time it was an official, as his West team beat the East in Atlanta

If last Saturday night's Coaches All-America game in Atlanta had ended any other way, it would have been downright unnatural. First, Henry Kieronski, the promoter, wandered in too late from Long Island to do any promoting. Then O.J. Simpson said he couldn't play because he hadn't signed his pro contract, so people like Leroy Keyes, Ron Sellers and Ted Kwalick began saying the same thing, and suddenly there was a bunch of All-Americas named Waddey Harvey, Harold McLinton and Mike Sehnitker coming in for the game.

Then there was the heat—96° at the 8:30 p.m. kickoff. And the feud. Oh, boy, the feud! The game is run by three separate parties: Kieronski, the American Football Coaches Association and the Atlanta Braves, who pay the expenses and hope they get something back from the live gate. You need a roster to tell who isn't talking to whom, and everybody is running around trying to break Kieronski's contract, which he carries in his inside coat pocket and will whip out at the drop of an unkind word.

Now you take all this, add Joe Paterno and Pepper Rodgers as rival head coaches, and you *know* there has to be more than just 60 minutes of grunting and a final totting up of the points.

The last time Joe and Pepper played was in the Orange Bowl, Rodgers with his tough Kansans, Paterno with his unbeaten Penn Staters, and before it was over Pepper had added five and six and come up with a 12-man defense which Penn State scored against to win in the last few seconds.

And that's the pattern they brought to Atlanta. The first day Rodgers, suddenly shy a linebacker, was driving through the city with his daughter Terri, who had tuned the car radio to WAOK, a black rock 'n' roll station.

"Turn it down," said Rodgers. "You're driving me crazy."

Just then, John Merkerson, a disc jockey, said, "It sure is a shame that the coaches game didn't invite Harold McLinton, a fine linebacker from Southern University. Six feet three, 245 pounds, fast and an Atlanta boy."

Minutes later Rodgers was on a phone to McLinton. Now Rodgers coaches the West and McLinton's college is in Baton Rouge, which doesn't make you think of cowboys and Indians. But Rodgers' geography stood up, mainly because Paterno said to hell with it.

Then Rodgers found himself short of receivers. Off he skipped to a Falcon rookie training base where he latched onto Jim Mitchell from Prairie View A&M. "We're each supposed to have 30 players," Paterno said, "but the way Pepper counts you can never be sure."

"If I could count," said Pepper, "I'd still be getting $125 for a speaking engagement. Ever since the Orange Bowl I've been getting $500."

In all, 15 players didn't show up, most of them because they were still negotiating their pro contracts. Only Tackle Dave Foley from Ohio State, the Jets' first-round draft choice came in unsigned but willing to play.

"I hadn't planned on coming here," Foley said. "I was like everybody else, I didn't want to get hurt and maybe lose some bargaining power. My lawyer told me not to play, my coaches at school said they didn't care if I didn't play. The Jets didn't want me here. So I called to say I couldn't make it. They told me it would be tough to get a replacement, and I asked them to hold on while I talked to my mother.

"I told Mom that, darn it, I said I was coming, so I had an obligation. People are always making me promises and backing out, and I don't want to do that to someone else, so I said I'd play.

"I'm getting real disenchanted with the pros anyway. The Jets won't even call me. I have to call them. They act like they are doing me a favor just to talk to me. It's all Mickey Mouse. I may say to heck with it and go on to graduate school."

Meanwhile, the tickets weren't moving. But then, they never have moved since 1966, the first year the game was in Atlanta, when it drew 38,326, many of whom passed out from the heat. The next year there were 30,205, who weren't told until the last minute that the game had been set back until 9:30. ABC-TV was caught in a time-zone switch and had to go with Lawrence Welk at 8:30. Attendance fell to 21,120 last year, and the Braves, unhappy about the shortage of top players, are now taking a second look at what they are underwriting.

"The game will never leave Atlanta," says Kieronski, "I got a contract." Kieronski's contract gives him a $15,000 fee plus a piece of the pot after the Braves deduct expenses plus the first $50,000. Since 1966 there hasn't been a pot.

So, against this harmonious background, the West's Bill Bradley put his foot to the ball and the game was on. The West, with Mercury Morris (running in Simpson's spot), Paul Gipson and Earthquake Enyart, was a strong favorite.

"What the hell," said Rodgers, "Atlanta is my home town. We should win. If we were playing in Brooklyn, I'd let Paterno win."

With 25 seconds left in the first half, Gerald Warren kicked a 42-yard field goal and the East led 3–0. The West failed to make a first down the first quarter and finished the half with only five.

"The terrible, terrible heat," said Gipson later. "The terrible heat. Just terrible."

"It was the damn number I had," said Morris. At West Texas State his number was 22; in Atlanta it was 31. "I didn't get no vibration from that number," he said. "I almost ripped it before the game, so I'd get another number. But I was scared they'd give me 37, and there's a *real* bad number."

In the third quarter, the East mounted a drive from its 39, pushed to the one and gave the ball to Bob Campbell, who scored. The kick made it 10–0.

Oh, oh, they said, where's the old Paterno-Rodgers magic? And, presto

continued

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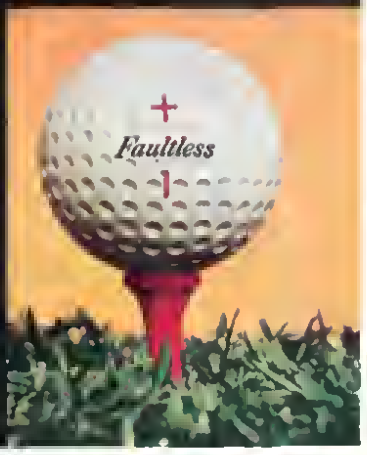
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chango, there it was. No, no, not a 12-man defense. It was more like, well, sort of a 12-man offense.

Just into the fourth quarter the West took over on the East 36. Bobby Douglass dropped back and fired two incompletions. That made him 0-for-12, with one interception. Then, bingo, a pass to Jim Lawrence for 21—and the West's initial first down of the half—and another to Morris for 11 and the West was at the four. Douglass got two on a keeper. And then it happened.

Douglass handed off to Enyart, who plunged and got a yard, yard-and-a-half, but instead of respotting the ball, Field Judge Bo Menton signaled a touchdown. Upstairs in the ABC booth Bud Wilkinson looked at the replay twice and admitted what millions of dumbfounded viewers already knew: Enyart did not score. No way. Nonetheless, the points were on the board: East 10, West 7.

A few minutes later, the West had the ball again. Out went Jerry Levias on a sideline pattern. Levias and the East's Jim Marsalis dived for the ball. Levias missed, and he and Marsalis sailed out of bounds together. "Roughing," shouted Head Linesman Wayne Shaw. *Roughing?* The penalty cost the East 29 yards. Now the West was moving. Douglass spotted Enyart near the East goal. He put a pass in the air. Enyart went up. The East's Al Brenner went up with him. They collided, and no one came down with the ball. "Interference," shouted Gil Rushton, the back judge. Inter what? The ball was placed at the four, and the West managed the rest on its own, Gipson scoring from the one. Final score, West 14, East 10.

Later, after the crowd of 17,000, which strangely resembled about 12,000, had finished its booing, the West players sat, gasping, in the dressing room.

"About those calls . . ." said Rodgers, grinning. "Now I saw them. But you got to remember that I wanted them to be called that way. Now if I had been on the other side. . . ."

Gipson, the Houston running back who was voted the game's most valuable player, was told that Ben Hyman, an Atlanta jeweler, had wanted to donate a watch to the MVP. But when game officials refused to announce Hyman as the donor, he left at half time, taking his watch with him.

"Pitiful," said Gipson. "Just pitiful." **END**



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GOLF / *Curry Kirkpatrick*

A cool one turned the heat on

While most of the field felt faint, a crisp cutie in gingham used one hot round to win the Women's Open

Summertime heat works in subtle measure on that sensitive and peculiar mechanism called woman. Warm weather changes her habits and hot temperatures make her hide. In the kitchen she abandons the oven; tuna fish is the only sane menu. Heat saps a woman's strength and wounds her disposition. Unless she has a beach, a bikini and coconut oil, she ranks heat and sun among the worst of enemies.

Last week, with wispy breezes giving the town all the atmosphere of a blowtorch, Pensacola, Fla. was hardly the place for a woman to be cooking, cleaning or playing golf. But there they were, about 100 of the best female golfers in the land, vying for the 17th USGA Women's Open championship in temperatures that threatened thermometers.

What these otherwise reasonable women would do in Pensacola every day was jump into a car, ride up the winding drives of Scenic Hills Country Club to the golf course, put on a funny hat, open up an umbrella, throw a wet towel around their necks, get dizzy, swallow a few gallons of Gatorade and some salt pills, feel woozy, shoot 80 and quietly pass out. Or sometimes pass out, then recover and shoot 80.

"It wouldn't be so bad," said Carol Mann on a coolish day when the temperature hit only 102°, "if you could breathe. You feel like you're in a box, and you just wish someone would please open the top."

Well, Sunday afternoon Donna Caponi, a bubbly 24-year-old in a pink gingham gown, came through 108° heat and a furious thunderstorm to open the top of the box. Chewing gum madly, kissing the ball after every good putt and mumbling an Italian version of "sock it to 'em," she shot 69 to come from five shots back and win the hottest Open ever with a two-over-par 294.

That Miss Caponi was not the favorite is no surprise, because favorites often do badly in the Women's Open. Indeed, the new champion had never won a pro tournament before, but that is a commonplace situation, too.

Since 1962, the year Mickey Wright and Betsy Rawls ceased playing pat-a-cake with the Open title every year, the biggest prize in women's golf has been won only twice by top pros, Wright in '64 and Mann in '65.

For the two years before that, the Open winners (Murle Lindstrom and Mary Mills) had never won a tournament. In 1966 another cycle started. First came Sandra Spuzich (winless before and since), then Catherine Lacoste (a French amateur, of all humiliating things) and in 1968 Susan Berning (a new bride who had played in only three '68 events).

The Misses Wright, Mann, Kathy Whitworth, Sandra Haynie and a couple of other constant winners on the LPGA tour had their excuses, but mostly, aside from Wright, they seemed cowed by the very bigness of the Open.

"Our best guns get too tensed up for this tournament," said Donna Caponi before the action even started. "Most of the rest of us don't really know how much an Open means. Kathy and the others try so hard and want to win so badly they can't play their natural game."

There was nothing natural about the way they started at Pensacola. Kathy Whitworth, the tour's leading money-winner, posted a 76. That, of course, was better than Mann at 77 or Berning at 78 or Marilynn Smith and Sandra Post at 80, and it was good enough to tie Haynie and Wright, just to spot a few of the famous names that were fading off the scoreboards.

The leader turned out to be Peggy Wilson, wearing a 65¢ Rexall Drugstore straw hat, who shot a 71, one stroke better than Shirley Englehorn, the only other player to break par. But the highlight of the day came out of what Frank Hannigan, the USGA's assistant director, called his "show biz pairing" of Gerda Whalen, an alluring German frau, and Mary Jane Fassinger, a striking 17-year-old amateur whose blonde hair flows down to her putting grip. Neither broke 78, but Gerda aced the 165-yard 7th hole with a five-wood, a shot that five weeks ago would have earned her the Janet Olson Hole in One Award and $1,000. Now the check goes to a foundation for the blind.

"I just found out. It's sort of nice," said Gerda. "My money goes to a dog."

On Friday, the Sunstroke Open peeled along, with Jo Ann Prentice and Ruth Jessen, two veterans, first and second, and after the third day Miss Jessen had passed everyone and led the field by two shots. But the heat was taking its toll. Two girls had been forced off the course because of dizzy spells, and Miss Englehorn, after her second round, had collapsed in the clubhouse. Later that night she had a relapse and had to be fed intravenously.

On Sunday morning the clubhouse talk—when not about the rising temperature—was of Kathy Whitworth's third-round 69, which put her in striking position. Miss Caponi, who in five years on the tour has impressed people more with her personality than her backswing, was two strokes behind Whitworth, five strokes behind the leader and completely forgotten. Donna had managed three second-place finishes this summer, but now she had her boy friend, Roger Hall, along and her concentration on her golf seemed debatable as she shot 74-76-75 and took Roger to cocktail parties and the movies.

But a Sunday front nine of 34 changed things, and by the time she finished the 14th hole she was tied for the lead. On the 15th, a par 5, there was a swirl of gingham and a memorable drive. Her second shot was a six-iron four feet from the cup, and a moment later she was kissing the ball, muttering her Italian chant and savoring an eagle 3 that gave her a two-stroke lead. A final high-pressure birdie on 18 protected her lead as she beat Peggy Wilson by one stroke and Kathy Whitworth by two. After making the birdie, the new champion tearfully embraced her golfing sister, Janet, thus upholding the fine Women's Open tradition of a weepy finish.

"I can't believe it," the winner exclaimed a few minutes later. "Now I just have to get bombed." Which is how Donna Caponi from downtown Burbank became one girl in Pensacola who had spaghetti and wine on the year's hottest night—not tuna fish. END

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TENNIS / *Kim Chapin*

El Pancho Grande

Gaunt and graying and 41, Gonzales last week was the hero of center court, inspiring a tribute unseen at Wimbledon for a quarter of a century



Pancho Gonzales is supposed to be in the twilight of his career, but somehow the sun never quite sets. Someday, of course, he will be just another old tennis player, ready for the veterans singles and some social doubles, and then he will reluctantly retire for good to his Southern California tennis camp and pass on the accumulated knowledge of more than two decades to another generation of players. But that time is not now. Like a flame that burns brightest moments before it is extinguished, Gonzales, through the sheer magnificence of his irascible personality and the re-emergence of skills supposedly lost for good, last week put on an exhibition that rocked the 100-year-old foundations of the All England Club at Wimbledon to its hoary, tradition-bound core.

It was not of any real significance that on Saturday, in the fourth round of the championships, Gonzales lost in four relatively easy sets to America's No. 1 player, Arthur Ashe, or that the day before he had beaten Tom Edlefsen of the United States, or that the day before that he had disposed of Sweden's Ove Bengtsson. What mattered was that in a first-round match that began under gloomy, leaden skies late Tuesday and ended in brilliant sunshine late Wednesday, Gonzales—for years the best tennis player in the world but never the champion of Wimbledon—had fought and clawed and finally beaten America's Charlie Pasarell, and had become, for this tournament at least, the hero of center court. The final score was 22–24, 1–6, 16–14, 6–3, 11–9. The first set equaled the longest in Wimbledon singles history; the 112 games played and the five hours 20 minutes it took to play them both exceeded the totals posted by Jaroslav Drobny and Budge Patty in 1953, who played 93 games in a mere four hours, 20 minutes. Those are the barest facts.

Gonzales is 41 years and two months old. He had played at Wimbledon only twice previously. In 1949 (the year he turned professional at 21), he came as an amateur but never got past the singles round of 16. Last year, with open tennis a reality, he joined George MacCall's National Tennis League and made the full circuit. He reached the semifinals of the French Open, but the grueling schedule of the tournament that immediately precedes Wimbledon was too much for his grandfatherly legs. He lost in the third round to Alex Metreveli of Russia, and looked bad doing it. His reflexes seemed to be gone, he staggered after shots, and if he got to them at all he mis-hit as many as he hit well. He was, in short, overtennised.

This year he geared everything toward Wimbledon. He did not play a tournament for nearly two months before the championships but instead stayed at his California camp and worked himself into physical shape against the score of good juniors and semi-retired professionals in the area, without subjecting himself to the mental rigors of competitive play. By Wimbledon he was ready, physically and mentally.

Pasarell, ranked No. 1 in the U.S. last year and No. 7 this season, was hardly a stranger to the pressures of center court. In 1967 he had met and defeated Manuel Santana, then the defending champion, in the first round in four sets, and last year he carried second-seeded Ken Rosewall to five sets before losing in what was probably the most artistically sound match of the championships. This year, at 25, his career is at a crossroads, and he probably had more on the line than did Gonzales himself. After all, Pancho had proved his worth as a tennis player before Pasarell had ever picked up a racket. Gonzales was seeded 12th. Pasarell was unseeded, but there is usually a first-round upset at Wimbledon, and if there was going to be one this year, then Pararell was the most likely candidate to provide it.

When the match began, at 6 p.m. Tuesday after an all-day rain had washed out Monday's opening schedule, there was no clear-cut favorite, but as the first set moved on to its record-tying end, the crowd slowly moved to Gonzales, with the same sort of nostalgic warmth and appreciation for talent bursting to bloom that one might feel seeing Ben Hogan break 70 at Augusta National. (Somebody once asked Bill Tilden, when Tilden was about Gonzales' age, what the difference was between playing at 40 and playing in his prime. Tilden answered, "In my prime when I woke up in the morning I knew I was going to play good tennis. Now I'm not sure." It must be the same with Gonzales.)

Pasarell's strategy was simply to chip his returns of service at Gonzales' feet—forcing Gonzales to provide his own pace—and then to lob over his head. "I had been working on my job for two weeks before I ever knew I was playing Pancho," Charlie said. "When I saw the draw I said to myself, 'Great. This is just what I want.'"

The strategy was sound, but Pasarell's lobbing was not, and that, plus Gonzales' fine overhead, kept the match even until the 46th game, when Pasarell finally got the service break he needed to win the set.

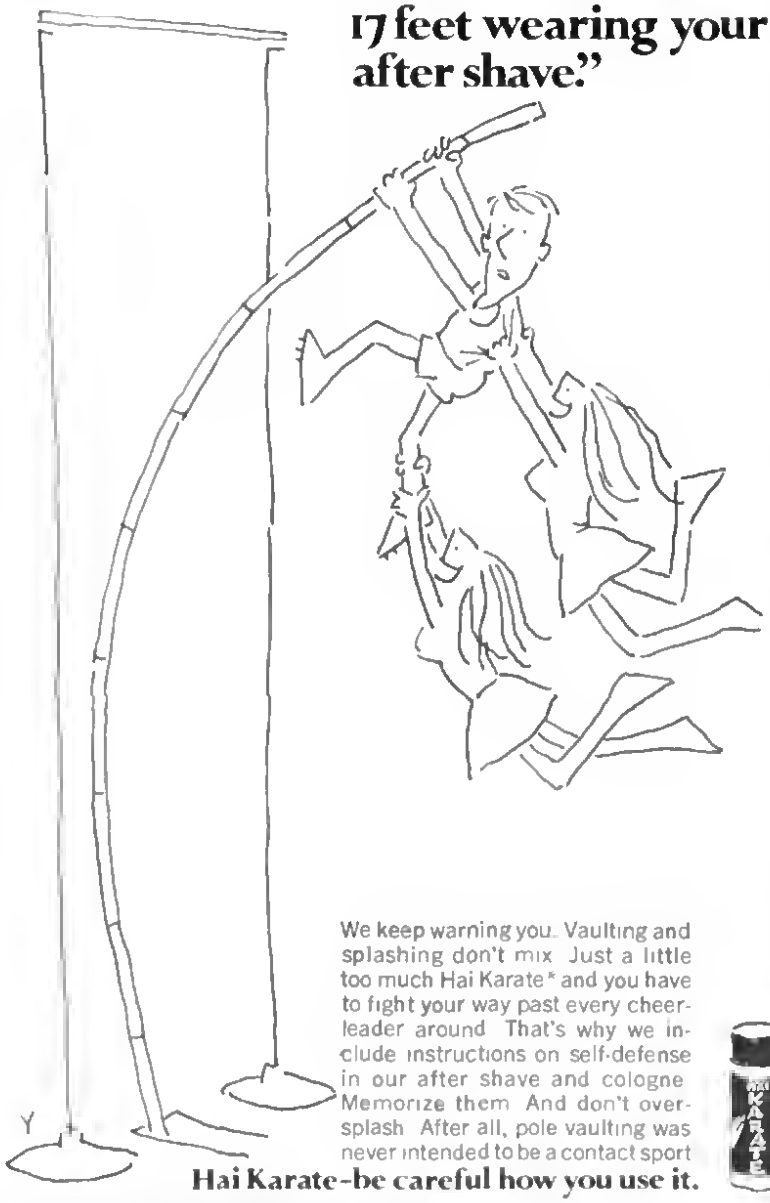
By then it was nearly 8 p.m. The light was deteriorating rapidly, and Gonzales, who has said many times that his eyes are failing as much as his legs, did not want to continue play. He appealed to Referee Mike Gibson three times to stop the match, and three times Gibson turned him down. During the second set he threw what can only be called a tantrum. He cursed the darkness and raged at the umpire and merely went through the motions as Pasarell won the set with the loss of one game. Gibson finally stopped play, and after hurling his racket viciously into the base of the umpire's chair, Gonzales left the court in a fury, accompanied by boos from a small portion of the center-court audience, which appreciates good manners nearly as much as it appreciates good tennis.

That night Pasarell had a late dinner and a good sleep. Gonzales stayed up until 2 a.m. and cooled off by playing backgammon with Madelyn Gonzales, his former wife whom he will soon remarry.

The next day, after Pancho had warmed up for an hour at the nearby Queen's Club and after Mrs. Billie Jean King, the women's defending champion, had won the traditional ladies' day open-

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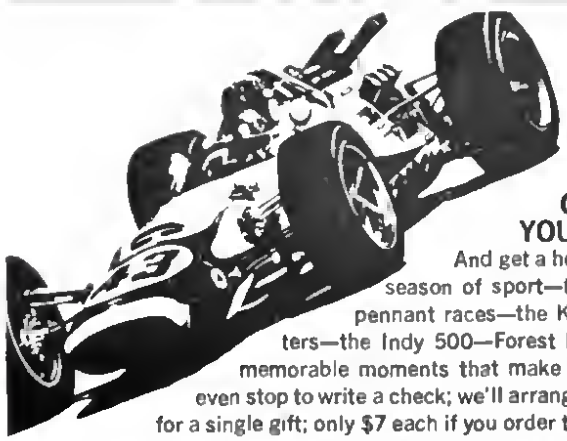
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ing match, Gonzales and Pasarell resumed play. There were two remarkable aspects to the rest of the match. The first was the excellent play of Gonzales, the second was the continued excellence of the contest throughout the five sets. The only time either player faltered was when Pasarell, who had broken the strings in his two favorite rackets, lost his service (after holding it 40 times in a row) at 14-all. Gonzales held for the set. At 3–4 in the fourth set Pasarell double-faulted on game point to give Gonzales the break he needed to even the match.

As they entered the deciding set, the players' box at center court was filled to overflowing, 15,500 fans either sat or stood in the stadium itself and, from the field courts nearby, the rest of the Wednesday crowd of 31,357 followed the progress of the match on the electric scoreboard outside the center-court stadium. As a point was won or lost, those inside registered their emotion and, like an echo, the crowd outside would do the same seconds later when the score was flashed.

The longer the match went on, the more it appeared certain that the balance had to swing to Pasarell. "There was no way I could lose," he said. Finally the balance did swing. In the 10th game, with the score 4–5, Gonzales dropped three points to fall behind 0-40. He faced three match points. "I thought it was all over," he said later. "Instinct must have carried me through."

Instinct or whatever, Gonzales forced Pasarell into three errors to deuce the game, and finally he held. At 5–6 Gonzales again lost the first three points on his service and again faced defeat three times. The first was settled by a Gonzales overhead. On the second Pasarell broke off a hard, thrusting backhand down the line. Instinct: Gonzales was there and tapped a stop volley cross-court. "It's my favorite shot," he said. "It may have looked great to the crowd, but it was bread and butter to me." Then Pasarell hit over the baseline on a backhand return of a hard, twisting service, and the game was deuced. Again Pancho won it.

At 7–8 Pasarell reached match point for the seventh time, but a lob missed. Gonzales, nervously brushing the sweat from his face and running his fingers through his graying hair, could not afford emotion even then. Seven times his

talent and his instinct and the defiant courage of a street fighter had taken him from the precipice

Clark Graebner, who watched the match, said, "Gonzales showed more guts than any other player in the tournament on those points. I didn't know who to root for. I've known Pancho a long time and Charlie's a good friend. I guess on one of those points I wanted Charlie to hit a winner, but I wanted Pancho to serve well, to go out with class."

By then, though, it was not a matter of class at all. Both players had established theirs long ago in the match, and they knew the full worth of what they had done. The proof of that came at the end. Gonzales finally got the service break he needed in the 19th game and, goading his tired body to one more effort, he went to serve, finally, for the match. In the last game he forced a return-of-service error, put away an overhand, volleyed a backhand for a winner and, on match point, watched as Pasarell, true to his game plan to the end, lofted a lob just beyond the baseline.

Gonzales was not euphoric, Pasarell was not saddened. Gonzales' shoulders sagged a little, falling finally under the cumulative weariness of the two days, and he and Pasarell walked to the net and embraced. The center-court fans—including, in rare tribute, the other players who were watching—gave them the kind of standing ovation unknown to Wimbledon since before the war.

To say that the match was one of the best Gonzales had ever played is unfair to tennis and unfair to Gonzales. His best tennis was played between 1950 and 1960, mostly before small crowds in the small towns that made up the bulk of the stops by the professional traveling circus of that era, when he took on the likes of Tony Trabert and Kenny Rosewall and Lew Hoad and hammered them all into despondency. In those years it was cause for alarm when Gonzales lost his service, let alone a match, and though many fought him well, few succeeded, even for a short time. For pure drama, however, the Pasarell victory must rank among the top three of Gonzales' career. In 1949 he trailed Ted Schroeder two sets to love in the finals of the U.S. national singles at Forest Hills before he rallied to win, and in 1964, in the midst of a comeback at the age of 36, he defeated Rosewall in a tournament in White Plains, N.Y., again after losing the first two sets.

Gonzales' subsequent victories at Wimbledon over Bengtsson and Edlefsen were easily anticipated and easily achieved, and his loss to Ashe, who simply overwhelmed him with a fine service and punishing returns of service, was also expected, and Gonzales was not dismayed. When he left center court after the loss to Ashe, he bowed to the Duke of Kent and his Duchess in the royal box. Then, accompanied by Ashe, he went to the dressing room. He burst through the door, smiling, and announced, "All right, you guys—watch out. I'm getting ready for Forest Hills."

The light still burns brightly. **END**







The Sound of Hooves

is still what matters at Pamplona, but when Mary Hemingway dedicates a monument the wonders of Papa's 'feria' are enhanced

by JOHN McCORMICK

In Pamplona, Navarre, Spain, at exactly noon last July 6, the mayor stood on a balcony of the city hall, signaled for the firing of a rocket and shouted "*Viva San Fermin!*" Thousands of people gathered in the plaza below and in plazas throughout the city answered the mayor's shout with their own "*Viva San Fermin!*" and thus began 10 days of celebration of the feast of the third-century saint that are unparalleled for energy, enthusiasm, gaiety and—perhaps above all—endurance. That first-day ceremony has been going on in Pamplona since the 16th century, it will be repeated next Monday, and insofar as human affairs are predictable, it will continue to go on for a long time to come. But last year a major variation in the rigorously traditional ritual took place.

As soon as 17 more rockets were fired, the first pipe and drum bands started up and the first *jotas* begun (the *jota* as performed in Pamplona is a cross between a muscular polka and a samba line, lubricated by red wine and danced by any number between one and 79), the mayor's party was ushered into taxis that inched their way half a mile to the grounds outside the bullring, where the officials proceeded to dedicate a bronze and granite bust of Ernest Hemingway and to name a street adjoining the ring the Paseo de Hemingway. As Hemingway's widow and the mayor, a pleasant partridge and a genial shark, went through their official motions beneath a searing sun, their words lost in the mob of onlookers who made a racket like two World Series crowds, the question of why an American writer should be so honored in a provincial Spanish capital necessarily came to mind.

The inscription on the granite pedestal of the bust offered only a superficial answer. It reads in translation, "Ernest Hemingway, Nobel Prize Winner, friend of this people and admirer of their fiestas, who knew how to describe and so to make them known. The City of Pamplona, San Fermin, 1968." Now the Spanish have many virtues, but among them is neither an unusual love of literature nor a disposition to honor foreign Nobel Prize winners. Over a period of years I have met only a handful of Spaniards who have ever read a word of Hemingway's.

Neither did the thought that the Spanish were being good businessmen by honoring the source of so much tourism make sense. One of the attractions of Spain is that even when the people are avaricious, they are only inadvertently commercial about it. The real answer, I felt, lay within Pamplona itself, in its fiesta of San Fermin and in an irrational but identifiable relationship between Hemingway's work, his person and his international heritage. It might be useful, I thought, to take Hemingway's own ideal, about which he made such a tedious noise—his notion of fidelity to experience and to place—and to test it against the palpitating life of San Fermin 1968.

The major document is, of course, Hemingway's first noted novel, *The Sun Also Rises* (1926). That book marked the beginning of Hemingway's international fame, of 35 years of controversy over his life and work, a controversy that continues even now, eight years after his death in 1961. Set in Paris and Pamplona, the novel shows Hemingway's ability not merely to reflect a time and place, but also to impose upon a time and place his particular

continued

and even eccentric vision, an effect he achieved with a use of language that was to have a profound influence on American literature.

It was Hemingway's use of language even more than the facts and impressions he selected to write about that made in our minds so magical a place of Pamplona, to the degree that to test that language coldly in the actual, contemporary city would seem to guarantee disappointment. And surely the passage of the years, with their thousands of tourists, would have had their effect. Pamplona could be only a shadow of the Hemingway substance, the place a self-parody, an imitation of the many images we know from television, movies, books and magazines. No city could bear the burden of such exposure, no gaiety survive such self-consciousness.

times during the matadors' work on their bulls, Pamplona was true to itself, to the shade of Ernest Hemingway and to one's mental vision of what the fiesta of San Fermín ought to be.

Hemingway's Pamplona is, of course, selective and simplified for his particular literary purposes, thus his accuracy is first imaginative and secondarily literal. It is worth noting that the thing itself in life is more extensive than what we find in *The Sun Also Rises*, or even in the reporting of *The Dangerous Summer* (1960). The historical San Fermin was not only a local saint, but regional, national and even international. He is credited with having converted the region to Christianity, and he was martyred for his efforts. Hence the fiesta itself is not only local but certainly regional and to a certain degree national. Fam-



The bulls come with astonishing speed as the sometimes-high and the would-be-mighty line the route

First among many pleasant surprises at Pamplona was to find that my reasoning was plain wrong. Hemingway's fiesta of San Fermin and the Pamplona of 1922 is essentially unchanged, and throughout the 10 days' celebration life and literature careen together in unsettling fashion. San Fermín is not something staged for the tourists, like a Navajo rain dance, it remains a genuine expression of joy among a reserved people, and it remains Spanish. The tourists, whatever their numbers, have not been able to mar the occasion more than superficially. From the housewives hurrying to their kitchens with whole butchered lambs cradled in their arms like babies, to the *encierro* (the running of the bulls through the streets of the town in the early morning), to the waves of white-clad figures with red sashes and red handkerchiefs about their necks on the sunny side at the afternoon *corridas*, whanging drums and dancing sweaty *jotas* between and sometimes

ilies and entire towns from Navarre and the Basque country arrive in buses not only to run with the bulls and to attend *corridas*, but also to go to the carnival, to compete in sports events and in woodchopping contests, to exhibit their local style of singing and dancing and to buy a long garland of garlic in the garlic market to take back to the village.

A typical day, as officially scheduled, begins at 5:45 a.m. with band music and a caping of calves in the bullring, followed by the running of the bulls at 7, then a concert of regional music, then a comic bullfight. The main *corrida* at 5:30 p.m. lasts about two hours. For those not in the plaza, the giants—medieval 12' figures inspired by legend and the Bible—wander through the streets, to the joy of the children. From 8 to 10 p.m. there is more band music in the main square; at 10:30 a fireworks bull is paraded through the streets and at 11 there are spectacular

fireworks for all. Dance music is played in the main square until 1:30 a.m.

The unofficial schedule includes imbibing a quantity of red wine, an occasional meal in one of the fine restaurants, perhaps a picnic up in the Pyrenees near Roncesvalles 22 miles away, site of the death scene in the French epic, *The Song of Roland*, or a drive to the elegant resort city, San Sebastián, for a swim in the Atlantic or perhaps a nap; and if you are feeling young enough or drunk enough or both, a leaping, running *jota* through the streets of the old city with two Swedes, four American hippies, an English banker, two French barbers and 36 men of Navarre.

Pamplona is best known for its *encierros*, that sport and rite in which at 7 a.m. on each day of the fiesta the six bulls to be killed in the afternoon, together with their steers (necessary for herding them into the corrals), are released to run a distance of just under a mile from the point of release to the *plaza de toros*, while men of the area, together with a handful of foreigners, also run the same streets, so demonstrating agility and bravery, or drunkenness and idiocy, depending upon how you look at it.

The Spanish take the *encierros* very seriously indeed, and the Pamplona newspapers publish the rules, which have the force of municipal law. Among their 22 paragraphs are these: no one under 18 may run; all must have suitable shoes and be properly dressed; it is forbidden to run either behind the bulls or directly at them (!); no drunks may run; it is forbidden to carry "unsuitable objects," meaning capes, muletas or clothing for citing the bulls. This in fact means that only a rolled-up newspaper may be used to try to draw the bull away from a fallen fellow runner. The point of the regulation is that the safety of the matadors in the afternoon would be unduly risked if the bulls learned in the morning to follow any large cloth target.

The actual running is so like the photographs and so like, to a degree, Hemingway's descriptions that it is hard to credit. What photographs do not convey is the life of the iron balconies above the ancient streets of Mercaderes and Estafeta, where whole families are ranged, in varying stages of undress, having just got out of bed to watch and to scream for the fallen. Photographs do not do justice to the all-night reveler wearing his now unwoven straw hat as a scarf or to his friend jogging alongside with a five-kilo garland of garlic on his shoulders, the garlic dropping off in globes and cloves as he runs. And photographs cannot convey the sharp odor of danger and the jumpiness of the youngsters—many under the official 18—as they wait for the 7 o'clock rocket, for the sound of the hooves on the paving stones and the remarkable speed of the bulls as they come in view.

Running the bulls involves certain facts of life that, if ignored, can mean a nasty horn wound, a broken skull from a fall or (rarely—the last was 22 years ago) death. A certain amount of observation from a balcony of the city hall, conversation and a couple of days' participation produced these conclusions: too many people run, therefore avoid being caught up in a mob; as in the plaza itself, never lose sight of the bulls, always know what you are going to do next, even if it is a matter of flinging yourself down and playing dead.

Bulls can run faster than men, thus you either let them overtake you or you post yourself far enough along the course so that you can reach the plaza before them. The snag here is that several hundred other people will have the same idea. They create a bottleneck, which in turn means that most of the damage is done exactly there. The native rope-soled shoe is pretty good, but an American tennis shoe is better. Avoid leather. Avoid wine, anise, brandy or other forms of Dutch courage but, if you do so, know that you'll be the only man in Pamplona entirely sober at 7 a.m. of a July morning in *feria* time.

In Navarre those who run call themselves "*valientes*," or "brave ones." Some of the *valientes* stay up all night singing songs in praise of themselves, drink too much and pass out before rocket time in the morning. My favorite *valiente* was an unathletic-appearing man in glasses, pretty fat, somewhere between 30 and 40. I first saw him from my city hall balcony high above the crowd at 6:45 one morning. He raced down a flight of stone steps like a man chasing a bus, heaved himself under the wooden barricade and took up a station near that barricade. First he rolled his newspaper, then unrolled it and rolled it up again. He mopped his brow, spat, looked at his watch, scratched himself in various locations, took out two 100-peseta notes from his right-hand pocket and transferred them to his left. Then he moved the pesetas again from his left pocket back to the right. He spat once more and retied the laces of his rope soles. He looked at his watch and peered down the hill in the direction from which the bulls had to come. He sweated. When finally the rocket went off and moments later six Conde de la Cortes bulls hove in sight followed by the steers, my *valiente* took off perpendicularly some four feet up without perceptibly bending his knees. He hung by one arm from the top of the barricade until the bulls were safely by. He then dropped neatly to the paving and strolled up the street, his newspaper now a swagger stick, for all the world as though he had run with the bravest of the brave.

My *valiente* was the exception, not the rule, however. On most mornings the bulls would flash by, then in a few minutes a trickle of men would appear in huddles of three and four carrying the wounded, some simply unconscious, some with heads bloodied, many with clothes torn but no obvious wound, and the worst in the arms of the police, a tourniquet around a thigh and a patch of black blood staining the trouser leg, all on their way to the military hospital, where surgeons stood by to make repairs. The eight

continued

encierros of the *feria* produced dozens of wounds, the most serious being a horn in the neck of a lad from a nearby town.

To many foreigners the *encierro*, and indeed anything to do with bulls, is a form of insanity often producing in them indignation and denunciation. Yet the same indignant foreigner is likely to be perched on the wooden barricade in the morning with his movie camera (which without official permission is against the law), elbowing the natives out of the way of his perfect shot of men and beasts rushing past.

A distinction has to be made between formal *toreo* (miscalled bullfighting), which is an art, and a custom such as the running of the bulls at Pamplona. Like many another custom, the *encierro* probably is a little crazy, but no more so than pro football or Grand Prix racing. No one knows the exact history of the *encierro* at Pamplona; the most informed guess by social anthropologists is that it is at least medieval in origin and that it probably had something to do with fertility rites. In its modern form it certainly has to do with the assertion of masculinity (what the Spanish call *machismo*). Only men are permitted to run, as a lovely Swedish girl in my hotel learned when she tried to run with her male friend: the police delicately but firmly hoisted her over the barricade to the safety of the street.

For the modern Spanish and particularly for the people of the Pyrenees, the *encierro* combines all sorts of things that they like and honor. It is traditional, and no people are more traditional than they. It is tied in with religion; whenever someone escapes a horn wound, his escape is attributed to the miraculous intervention of San Fermin. It is athletic, and the Navarrese with their *pelota*, their wood-chopping competitions and their daily life in the mountains, respect athletic ability and are themselves more athletic than other Spaniards. It is dangerous, often bloody, exciting and part of the spirit of the fiesta. The Spanish everywhere are both appalled and delighted by bloodshed, they love excitement, and their appetite for parties in the street is incredible, this the length of the day at San Fermin and the exhausting number of days. Many writers have been puzzled by the Spanish attitude to bloodshed and excitement. My own hunch is that it is the other side of their patience, their tolerance of nonfunctioning machines, their stoicism in situations where Americans or French or Italians would foam at the mouth and plan suicide. It is, in short, the other extreme from the boredom of so many Spanish lives, together with the fact that boredom is never mentioned. Whatever its history, whatever its psychology, running the bulls at Pamplona can be recommended to all men of reasonably sound leg and lung as a cure, however temporary, for depression, frustration and insomnia. It is particularly good against boredom, whether Spanish or imported.



Ordoñez and Hemingway during the "dangerous summer"

Although it is exciting, the *encierro* is brief and serves the follower of the bulls only as an appetizer, the main course being the *corrida* in the late afternoon. The Pamplona fair rates in importance with the Valencia fair in March and with San Isidro in Madrid in May, while the plaza—seating 20,000—is second in size only to Las Ventas, Madrid. Traditionally, Pamplona was the place to come to see large, well-armed, mature bulls, and it still calls itself "the fair of the bull," despite the fact that in the past few years the bulls have been nothing remarkable. On paper the selection of bulls for this Hemingway-accented festival looked fine. They were from the leading ranches of the three bull-breeding areas of Spain: Andalusia, the central region and Salamanca. But what is sad to report is that for the most part the leading ranches have gone along with the dirty business of breeding down and of selling 2- or 3-year-olds, bloated on grain to meet the regulation weight (SI, July 24, 1967), in place of the bull required by law: 4 to 6 years old and a minimum of 460 kilos (1,012 pounds). Among the 49 bulls on view, fewer than one-third were 4 full years of age, and among those at most four beasts were 5 years old. The rest were calves of 3 or even 2 years, fat and weak from their forced feeding and lacking the horn that a genuine bull should have if the *torero*'s craft and art is to register meaning.

The 13 *toreros* at Pamplona were a good cross section of the range and quality of Spanish *toreo* today. Antonio Ordoñez apart, we saw that group of older men who tend to play it safe and ride on past reputation. They know a lot, but they are no longer willing to risk a horn wound to please an increasingly ignorant public. They included Antonio Chenel (Antoñete), César Girón, Damaso Gomez, and Juan Garcia (Mondeño), the ex-Franciscan friar who looked in his new sidehurns like a

continued


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cross between Rudolph Valentino and Buster Keaton.

A second group of reliable younger men of established but not tarnished reputation included Diego Puerta, the bravest *torero* alive and one of the crudest; Santiago Martín (El Viti), very able, brave but so prudently managed that he almost never faces any but hand-picked bulls, and José Fuentes, who at 24 is in the second group for his good classical training and his ability but who may not stay there long for his addiction to deception in the use of cape and muleta. Fuentes drew some fine animals and knew what to do with them; his only real danger came in the *encierro* one morning when a bull caught and slightly wounded him.

The third group is made up of the youngest men who have quite recently taken their *alternativa* (the ceremony of becoming a full *matador de toros*). They included Francisco Rivera (Paquirri), Angel Teruel, Miguel Márquez, Manolo Cortés and Sebastian Palomo (Linares). Brought up under the evil influence of Manuel Benitez (El Cordobés), these young *toreros* tend to blend the classical style of Ordóñez and Paco Camino with the frog-jumping parody of the classical that made Cordobés rich. The result is often like hearing Haydn as played by Liberace. Paquirri, Márquez and Cortés tend to be athletic, brave and uninteresting. Linares, next to Cordobés, is the most vulgar character ever to put on a suit of lights. Teruel is the best of the young group. If he is not mismanaged, he could become another Dominguín or another Ordóñez.

Beyond the bull and the *torero*, the third element in *toreo* is the public, and the public at Pamplona is special. If the crowd in the plaza took a drunkometer test, two-thirds would be forbidden to drive a car for a week. About 10,000 people in the cheaper seats on the sunny side turn up each day in varying stages of exaltation, a product of all-night travel in a bus from their villages, red wine, fatigue, of having run the bulls in the morning, of heat, *jotas* and the incredible Spanish appetite for loud, unending noise. The drunks are a real hazard to the *torero*, for the bull often cannot hear him when he calls it for the charge. Repeatedly the animal will be distracted by the noise and motion of the maniacal happiness up in the stands. On the shady side is a mixture of middle-class Navarre, people more interested in one another than in the bulls, the tourists, their movie cameras whirring, and the hard core of fans, native and foreign, men who watch carefully, drink sparingly and say little. For them the *corridas* are what San Fermin is all about, and the surrounding foofaraw is merely a way of filling in the intervening time.

No matter if 44 of the bulls had been horned mice, if all other 12 *toreros* had been ice skaters, no matter the expense, the nonexistent hotel reservations, the noise, hangover, battered feet in the *jotas*, tramplings by bulls in the *encierro*, the diminutive drinks, no matter the sleeplessness or the digestive tract waylaid by dubious sausages and draughts from communal wine bottles, it was all worth it



Ordóñez got Bronx cheers but nobody else matched his work

and more to see Antonio Ordóñez perform on his four animals. Ordóñez at Pamplona could only recall the spirit of Ernest Hemingway, that same Hemingway who prided himself on the spareness of his prose, but who sounded like a girl in finishing school when he tried to describe Ordóñez. At various times he wrote of his friend "proud as a statue," "unbreakable seal of majesty," "Antonio is now competing with history," "no one has ever been endowed with such courage and bravery," "Antonio's mastery is not of this world, it is the culmination of all imaginable kinds of beauty," "slow magic," and much more of the same stripe. Hemingway performed a doubtful service in *The Dangerous Summer* by praising Ordóñez so highly at the expense of other *toreros*, particularly of Dominguín. Hemingway set many aficionados against Ordóñez, not because they resented the matador himself, but they somehow held him guilty of Hemingway's use of his own authority and fame to cut down other very worthy men. Now, years after Hemingway's last San Fermin and in the year of the dedication of his memorial, the tainted heritage of his praise for Ordóñez was still evident.

Appearing in the fifth *corrida* of Urquijos with Puerta and Paquirri, on a day of wind and cloud, Ordóñez met his first bull of 1,040 pounds with four fine, although not his best, *verónicas*. After 2½ pics, the bull came away from the horse uncertain and reluctant to charge. Ordóñez, who could have extracted from it a full *faena* had he been in the mood, contented himself with a mere seven right-handed passes, then doubling passes (those in which the bull does not pass the matador's body) and a swift kill up to

continued

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the hilt but "*en su rincón*" (a cliche of Ordóñez criticism meaning his habit of placing the sword "in his corner," a spot below and therefore safer than the honest target on top of the withers). Every motion that Ordoñez had made was perfect in its way, but the performance was cynical, and it set off a terrific *bronca* (a prolonged and usually obscene raspberry that can be heard for seven miles against the wind). The very enormity of it was a tribute to a man whom the crowd knew to be a great artist capable of far more than he had given. His insouciance as he saluted the president in the midst of the *bronca* was worth the price of admission, while his smile served only to increase the crowd's resentment. My note says, "Even when he's rotten he's serenely rotten," and I stand by that.

Ordóñez' second bull came out *suelto* (running loose about the ring and hard to fix in the cape), but Ordoñez did fix it nicely in the cape and gave it four for him ordinary *veronicas*, but still among the best of the fair. The *bronca* had started up again and continued throughout his preliminary work, and even as he began his *faena* with doubling passes and high right-handed passes. The bull was slow to charge, and he was obviously teaching it good manners. He turned away from the bull, looked up to the stands on the sunny side, spread his arms as though to say, "Give a man a chance," subdued the howlers by his gesture and proceeded in a space no larger than my kitchen to give a brief, masterly lesson in *toreo*. He gave only tandems of right- and left-handed passes, interspersed with chest passes and the statuesque *ayudados por alto*, but each of those few passes was more exciting than 20 ordinary ones. He would adjust his distance *before* citing, plant himself and, after the bull had passed, move forward only slightly or only in a half circle to meet the next charge. His left-handed passes citing from the front were models of bravery, knowledge and control. He killed with an honest *pinchazo* (a sword that hits bone) and with a full sword again *en su rincon*. Now the crowd was fully with him, but he was given only one ear, and this in a fair where green boys were awarded ears and tails for *toreo* that did not approach Ordóñez' in quality or intensity and for kills far worse than his in his favorite corner.

In the seventh *corrida*, Ordoñez' first animal of 1,120 pounds was protested from the stands by the Napoleonic figure of a taurine critic from a Madrid newspaper who offered to leap into the plaza and work what he called the "calf" himself. Ordoñez graciously offered his muleta to the little man, who knew very well that the police would not let him move, and the incident marred an otherwise interesting course of *lidia*. The animal was a good one and, while not 5 years old, it was older than many others at Pamplona. That bull produced the best pic of the fair. Ordoñez sensed the exact distance from which the bull would charge the horse, so he moved it from the center of the plaza in a series of pretty *chicuelinas*, finished off with a *revolera*, leaving it about 20 feet from the horse. Sure enough, the picador cited with the pic, called, and the bull came gloriously to the horse as bulls are classically supposed to but rarely these days ever in fact do. Again it was a lesson in exemplary teamwork between matador and picador. Ordoñez' *faena* once more was brief and perfect. His kill, a deep *pinchazo* followed by a full sword, was not perfect, and because of the protest about the animal's age he was given a *vuelta* and no more.

Ordoñez' work on his second bull, a 1,240-pounder of full 5 years and no protests about it, was one of the finest things I have ever seen in the plaza. There were seven superior *veronicas* to a bull coming like a Mexican bus down a mountain, followed by only one pic to an animal that looked to many of us to need three. Ordoñez' *quite* (the process of luring the bull from the horse, or from a fallen man) of *veronicas*, topped off with the flourish of a *revolera*, was lovely to see, the cape perfectly adjusted to the slower charge of the bull following the pic.

The *faena* was notable not for the nature and number of passes; it consisted of the usual right-and left-handed pass-

es, interspersed with *molinetes* and a *manoletina*, unusual for Ordóñez, and in almost any hands but his vulgar and without merit. It was rather the degree of mastery that Ordoñez projected, the joy and even lightheartedness with which he appeared to go about his work, in welcome contrast to the days of the white-fingernail *faenas* we had watched from incompetents always on the verge of a horn wound. It was in the way that Ordoñez was able to take the basically hostile crowd with him without making love to it, as so many had done before him. After a near perfect single sword, ears and tail were assured, and Ordóñez' *vuelta* produced not only the usual wineskins, articles of clothing, women's shoes and live chickens, but also two sets of keys—to female rooms? cars? houses? It should be said that one girl was lovely, the other fat, dwarfish and pimply, and that both sets of keys were thrown back into the stands. So superior was Ordoñez to the others on the same bills with him—Puerta, Paquirri, Teruel, Cortés—that one had to feel pain at the disparity, and at the same time to understand Hemingway's judgment, if not his generosity, at ignoring or deploring the other *toreros* of his *Dangerous Summer*.

And so I concluded that there is no question that the memorial I had seen dedicated to Hemingway belongs where it is, in his favorite Spanish city and adjacent to the bullring he loved. No matter if Basque peasants walk by the towering monument and scratch their heads about its identity, he would approve their perplexity. His personal and literary imprint—in that order—was such in Spain that his friend, the novelist Jose Luis Castillo-Puche, urged the idea of the memorial upon the city of Pamplona, and the extraordinary generosity of the young Spanish sculptor, Luis Sanguino, made it not only possible but tangible. In his early work Hemingway wrote of Spain and of Pamplona with such purity of perception that he distilled it once and for all, not only for us who share his language, but also for Europe, including Spain, where at Pamplona his impact remains in the very air, in the streets, in the *encierros*, in the cafés. **END**



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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—Making a comeback in the big hydros, BILL MUNCEY averaged 99.410 mph in *Miss U.S.* in the six-boat final heat to win the "World Championship" race on the Detroit River. In elimination heats Bill Sterett was thrown out of *Miss Budweiser* the favorite, when she dug a sponson in the rough water. He was not seriously injured.

CROWN PRINCE HARALD of Norway opened his defense of the Scandinavian Gold Cup for 5.5-meter yachts with a victory in *Fram II* over Sweden's Joergen Sundelin and an international field.

BOXING JOE FRAZIER, an Olympic gold medalist in 1964, defended his six-state world heavyweight title for the fourth time this year, pummeling Jerry Quarry for seven rounds in Madison Square Garden to win by a TKO (*page 26*).

Earlier in the evening GEORGE FOREMAN, the 1968 Olympic heavyweight champion who was making his professional debut, wore down one Donald Waldheim with a series of clumsy roundhouse blows before knocking him out in the third round of a scheduled six-rounder.

In a welterweight title bout at Mexico City, Texas battered Curtis Cokes failed to come out for the 11th round and the Cuban-born champion, JOSE ANGEL NAPOLES of Mexico, was the winner by what will be recorded as a 10th-round knockout.

FOOTBALL—With O. J. Simpson and several other college stars absent, humidity high and attendance low (17,000), the Coaches All-America game at Atlanta was won in the last half by the WEST, 14-10, after it had fallen behind 10-0 (*page 90*). Short touchdown plunges by Oregon State's Bill Enyart and Houston's Paul Gipson earned the victory. Gipson's 74-yard kickoff return early in the third quarter boosted the West's morale and reversed the game's Eastward drift.

GOLF Charging from five strokes back after the third round, DONNA CAPONI, daughter of a Burbank, Calif. public-links pro, scored a final round 69 for a winning total of 294 in the USGA Women's Open in Pensacola, Fla. (*page 54*).

CHARLES COODY moved from a tie with Jerry McGee and Orville Moody in the first round of the Cleveland Open into the lead for the final three rounds to win the $22,000 first prize. The big Texan, who had failed to win a tournament since the Dallas Open in 1964, finished with a nine-under-par 271 on the Aurora Country Club course. Bruce Crampton was second, two strokes behind Coody.

BOB CLARK, a junior from California State at Los Angeles, shot a final-round 74 to win the NCAA championship with a total of 298 for 72 holes. Five other men shared second place at 301, and for the 11th time in 14 years team honors went to HOUSTON.

HARNESS RACING In the $35,000 Meadow Skipper Pace at Yonkers Raceway, Levi Harner put KAT BYRD ($4.80) on top after Lavern Hanover broke stride about 60 yards from the finish.

HORSE RACING—The Countess de la Valdene's PRINCE REGENT (7-2) charged past Charles Englehard's favored Ribofilio in the last 100 yards to win the Irish Sweeps Derby at the Curragh by a length and reward his owner, the former Diana Guest, with a purse of $128,410. Reindeer, owned by the Countess' brother Raymond Guest, former U.S. ambassador to Ireland, finished third in the race whose outcome decided the payoff of millions in Sweeps prizes.

Bill Veeck's first Yankee Gold Cup at Suffolk Downs, a two-mile turf race worth $252,750, went to Thomas Nichols' Kentucky-bred JEAN-PIERRE ($13.40) ridden by Walter Blum, with French hurries in the next three places. Jean-Pierre came from just off the pace in the last 16th to defeat Taneb by 1¼ lengths.

Perry Stable's DESERT LAW ($3.80) took the $81,350 Vanity Handicap at Hollywood Park, surviving a claim of interference by Manuel Yeaza, rider of Amerigo Lady, who was third.

Bobby Ussery rode Locust Hill Farm's 4-year-old colt PROMISE ($4.60) to victory by a head in the seven furlong, $57,600 Carter Handicap at Belmont Park, withstanding a late surge by Jorge Velasquez on Irish Ruler.

Calumet Farm's BEST TURN ($16.00) came from behind in the last turn of the $58,200 Saranac Handicap at Belmont to take the mile event for 3-year-olds by a comfortable five lengths over Prevailing, with Buck Run third in a field of 10.

MOTOR SPORTS GEORGE FOLLMER of Arcadia, Calif., the United States Road Racing Champion in 1965, easily won the Bridgehampton, N.Y. Trans-Am in a factory-supported fastback Boss Mustang, averaging 96.54 mph for 250 miles over the 2.85-mile course.

TENNIS PANCHO GONZALES, 41, tennis king of the '50s, enchanted Wimbledon with an opening-round victory over Charles Pasarell, 25, requiring five hours, 20 minutes and 112 games, the longest match in Wimbledon history. Ultimately, however, the tiring Californian lost to ARTHUR ASHE in the fourth round (*page 56*).

TRACK & FIELD IVORY CROCKETT, a 5'6" speedster from Southern Illinois, was the surprise of the 81st AAU championships at Miami, upsetting Olympian John Carlos in the 100 (9.3) as Charley Greene finished third (*page 18*). The anticipated mile duel between MARTY LIQUORI and the world-record holder Jim Ryun fizzled when Ryun dropped out after a quarter mile and stalked out of the stadium. Liquori, who had defeated Ryun the previous week in the NCAA meet, outran Sam Bair to win in 3:59.5. The 18-foot pole vault again eluded BOB SEAGREN and John Pennel, although Seagren, who won at 17' 6" twice cleared the bar at 18' ¼", only to tickle it off on his descent. Seagren said he plans to retire from vaulting after the U.S.-British Commonwealth U.S.S.R. meet in Los Angeles later this month. At Miami, Pennel was second at 17 feet and never came close to his world-record vault of 17' 10¾" set the previous week. Six AAU meet records were broken. CARLOS ran the 220 in 20.2, LEE EVANS of San Jose State had a 45.6 in the 440, JON COLE of the Pacific Coast Club sailed the discus 208' 10" (defeating the perennial champion Jay Sylvester), MARK MURRO of Arizona State threw the javelin 284' 3", and RON LAIRD of the NYAC heel-and-toed it for two miles in 13:31.6.

MILEPOSTS NAMED JOE MULLANEY, 44, to succeed Bill van Breda Kolff as coach of the Los Angeles Lakers of the NBA. For 14 years Mullaney has been basketball coach at Providence College, where he developed Len Wilkens and Jimmy Walker. Van Breda Kolff has moved on to the Detroit Pistons.

NAMED CHARLES (Bud) WILKINSON to the Football Hall of Fame. As head coach at Oklahoma from 1947 to 1963 he amassed 139 wins with one streak of 47 games against only 27 losses and four ties.

HIRED STAFFORD SMYTHE and HAROLD BALLARD as president and executive vice president, respectively, of Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens and the NHL's Maple Leaf hockey team, he on 8-7 vote of the directors. Smythe, son of the Maple Leafs' founder Conn Smythe, had himself summarily fired the Leafs' coach Punch Imlach after their Stanley Cup defeat by Boston in four straight games this spring.

RETURNED An American Basketball Association franchise from Minnesota to Pittsburgh, where the Pipers had opened in 1967, pending the Security and Exchange Commission's approval of a shift in majority ownership from Bill Erickson of Minneapolis to Gabe Rubin.

CREDITS

8—Bob Clarke 19 E... S. Narchardt 20 Bob Clarkson 21 Ne... Ins 23 Sheedy & Long 24 Ne... ...ter 27 Herb Schaafman Ne... ...ter 31 28 Rich... ...ns 37 ...n Bolles man 38, 39 Arthur Sh... 40, 41 Roy DeCarava 42 Harry Groom 44 Geo... Cranham 45 AP, Keystone 47 Geo... Cranham 48 Roy DeCarava AP 56 Gerry Cranham 60 Fou... Gomez 61, 62, 69 John D. Davidson.

FACES IN THE CROWD



H. CLIFFORD CLARK, a retired Delaware farmer and former state representative, has hunted quail for most of his 75 years but took up trapshooting 10 years ago. Clark earned his first title by breaking 98 of 100 targets from 19 yards to win the state handicap shoot.



ANDY CAPITMAN, 18, head of his class at Radley school, near Oxford, became the first American on its crew and pulled No. 5 oar as Radley's eight won the English schoolboy title at Pangbourne. Andy is completing a novel this summer and sailing off Martha's Vineyard.



MARY McINTIRE, 17, of Kane, Pa., a horsewoman who plans to become a veterinarian, excels in many sports. At the Allegheny Mountain Association's AAU junior girls' Olympic meet, she threw the discus 116' 4½", an age-group record for the meet.



FRAN ONORATO, who works in the Natick, Mass. post office on the early morning shift and bowls in the afternoons, scored a record 5,213 pins in 38 strings to win the all-events title in the world candlepin tourney at Portsmouth, N.H. Fran is the Massachusetts champ.



RANDY DICKERSON, 11, pulled on a pair of $3.98 tennis shoes and won the midget-division 50-yard dash and long jump and anchored his home-town Gering, Neb. 220 relay team to a meet age-group record of 28.5 seconds in the Midwest AAU Junior Olympics.



STEVE BARBER, senior righthander from La Verne (Calif.) College (no kin to the major-leaguer), pitched shutouts in both ends of a doubleheader in the district playoffs, then won the MVP award in the NAIA World Series and finished the year 12-3.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

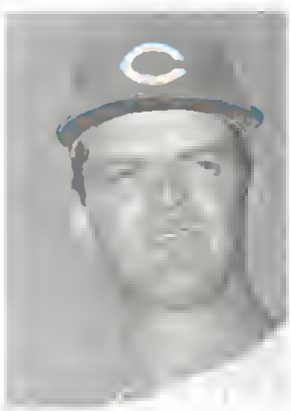
NATIGNAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia (6-2) Manager Bob Skinner could be forgiven if he felt like Job in the sixth inning of a game with the Mets and his team trailing 5-0. New York's Nolan Ryan was pitching a perfect game. Tony Taylor, Deron Johnson and Johnny Callison of the Phillies were all injured, Cookie Rojas had just been banished for arguing with an umpire and Richie Allen had been suspended for not showing up at the ball park. Skinner juggled what was left, which amounted to two spare catchers—Dave Watkins and Vic Roznovsky. He shifted Rick Joseph from third base to second, inserted Watkins at third and, by Jove, "Watkins just took his teeth out, picked up his glove and did a job," Skinner said afterward. The teeth were part of a $250 dental plate. Watkins was not going to risk damaging at third base, which is just as well for the Mets. Toothless, Watkins tied the score at 5-5 with an eighth-inning homer, and in the 10th he scored the winning run on a single by Johnny Briggs after his own triple. Grant Jackson beat the Mets 2-0, and then the Phillies made it six straight by taking four games from the Expos. Allen? "I'm through with them," he said. Said Skinner: "Fine. He will play under my ground rules or he won't put on a uniform for the rest of the year." Replied Allen: "Good. I need a vacation." Allen later apologized over a local radio station. "I'm 100% wrong"—but at week's end he was still under suspension, losing his salary of $457 every day he vacated. No sooner had New York (3-4) fans been privileged for the first time ever to speak of a possible pennant than their team went clunk.

Masochistic fans howled with glee as Ron Swoboda's futility continued and he struck out 10 times in 12 tries during one period. Matters were not cleared up when Casey Stengel stopped by to say, "I'm so tickled because now you can go from 15 to the 40 and get something and you're not going to give up five, six runs because a young pitcher is watching the man on first because the catcher now can really throw." St. Louis (3-5) continued to wallow below .500. Dave Giusti lost twice as his teammates again had trouble scoring runs for him. In his seven losses he has had only six runs. Lou Brock's long-awaited return to Chicago (7-1)—he had boldly announced his last time there that the Cardinals would be in first when they came back—turned out to be a subdued affair. As added security police kept bleacherites from tossing debris at Brock, the Cubs won three of four. Against the Pirates and Expos, Ron Santo and Jim Hickman hit game-winning homers and Ken Rudolph, who played only because Randy Hundley had an adverse reaction to a tetanus shot, set up one victory with a two-run homer. On Sunday it was Billy Williams Day in more ways than one. He was honored for setting a league record by playing his 896th consecutive game and helped sweep a doubleheader from the Cardinals with five hits in a row. Steve Blass of Pittsburgh (2-5) won his eighth game, Jim Bunning his seventh, but the Pirates were unable to gain on the second-place Mets. Bob Bailey hit three home runs and started a triple play. Rusty Staub hit .360 but Montreal (2-6) was still running behind the Canadiens' pace in the hockey season when they won 58 games. President Nixon, in town for the St. Lawrence Seaway anniversary festivities, predicted that the Expos, like the Senators, will someday "get out of the cellar." Despite such limited optimism, *les habitants* continued to fill Jarry Park and set an attendance record for a Montreal sporting event when 30,219 showed up for a doubleheader with the Cards—which the Expos lost. After Mack Jones made a spectacular catch and hit two home runs, he got such a roar of approval from those fans that he said, "I don't care who you are or how many years you've played, once you get an ovation like that a certain feeling has to come over you." Los Angeles (4-3) seesawed with the Braves for the Western lead and came out on top. Left-handed Reliever Jim Brewer, his sidearm curve and screwball working their magic, saved a pair of games against the Braves and one against the Padres. In his past nine outings he has given up just six hits and no runs in 16⅔ innings, picking up seven saves along the way. Don Drysdale pitched a 19-0, five-hit win against San Diego (1-5), which was further out of first place than the other four teams combined. Johnny Podres, who, like Drysdale, embarked upon a comeback this season, hung up his spikes for the last time. Joe Niekro picked up the only Padre win by blanking the Dodgers. Joe's brother, Phil, temporarily led Atlanta (4-3) into first place as he put down the Dodgers and became the first pitcher in the majors to win a dozen games. Rico Carty's 16-game hitting streak ended when he injured his shoulder for the umpteenth time, but one of the most painful losses of the year for the Braves came when a

HIGNLIGNT

In this era of the erudite, sophisticated, wheeler dealer players who are apt to think first in terms of stocks when averages are mentioned, the plowboy out of Cincinnati's Clay Carroll coming in from the bullpen is a refreshing reminder of days gone by. From Clanton, Ala., Carroll is almost apologetic about the garden out back. "Nothing big," he says. "I guess I got my walk plowing furrows for watermelon, tomatoes, okra, string beans and corn." Carroll usually had to sneak off to get in his baseball licks, which usually preceded the licks his father gave Clay when he caught up to him. "We lived kinda downhill," Carroll explains. "Uphill about 15 blocks was a ball park. When Dad found me up there, it was a sorry walk back." No one whips Clay Carroll when he walks up a hill today. Presently baseball's most successful relief pitcher with 11 wins, four saves and a 2.71 ERA, he relieved last week for the 36th, 37th and 38th times, pitched 6⅓ innings and won his ninth and 10th games in a row. Should he continue to pitch as effectively, he has a good shot at league records for games pitched (84 by Ted Abernathy for Chicago in 1965) and relief wins (18 by Elroy Face for Pittsburgh in 1959). Carroll impressed the Reds so much last year after they got him from the Braves that they felt safe in trading their own superb Abernathy back to the Cubs. Two things have combined to make Carroll effective: a crackling fastball and a willingness to work. Although he has walked 40 batters in 72⅔ innings this season, he has also set 57 others down on strikes, most of them with fastballs. Last year with the Cincinnati pitching staff a shambles, Carroll saved the first game of a doubleheader against the Pirates, then started and finished the second game, giving up just one unearned run in nine innings. "I'll pitch anytime," Carroll says. "Beats plowing and lickings."



CARROLL: PLOWING AHEAD

former mate, Marty Martinez of Houston (4-2), singled across a run with two out in the bottom of the ninth. What really hurt was that Martinez, who usually bats right-handed, got his hit batting left-handed. It seems that occasionally he gets a feeling that he will do better from the port side and Cecil Upshaw was the victim of his whim. The next night, though, the Braves ended the Astros' 10-game winning spree that had moved them into fourth place ahead of San Francisco (2-5). Willie Mays, irked because he thought Clyde King had misunderstood him and had left his name off the lineup, cussed out his manager. They later smoked a peace pipe, but the Giant tribe was uneasy. Cincinnati (6-2) Manager Dave Bristol has so much respect for the Giants' Willie McCovey that he uses a four-man outfield against him and has said that he someday might walk him with the bases loaded. The bases were loaded in a game between the two teams last week, and Bristol probably would like to shoot himself for not following his own advice. McCovey was up. McCovey hit a grand-slam homer. Nifty relief work by Clay Carroll (*left*) also helped to keep the Reds in third place.

Standings—East: Chi 49 26, NY 39 32, Pitt 38 37, StL 35 40, Phil 32 39, Mont 20 52. West: LA 43 29, Atl 43 30, Cin 38 31, SF 38 36, Hou 39 38, SD 27 51.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"I'm fed up," Joe Gordon of Kansas City (4-3) said, and then took measures to make sure his players were not, at least not for the first five minutes after a game. "If our guys think they are on a joy ride because they were drafted for $175,000 each, they're wrong," he said, and thereupon announced that he, not his players, would henceforth make team rules. His first one: a five-minute moratorium after each game. "I want them to spend that time thinking about what they did to help us win or lose," Gordon explained. Hawk Taylor would have been glad to spend an hour thinking about his two late-inning singles that beat the Twins 9-8 and 7-4. Tony Oliva perked up the Minnesota (4-4) offense by going 8 for 9 in a doubleheader, finishing the week with five homers, seven doubles, 15 RBIs and a .543 average. But the pitching bogged down—the hungry Royals feasted on the Twins for 23 runs in three games—and there was no catching. Western leader Oakland (5-2) Reggie Jackson (*page 22*) hit his 28th and 29th home runs, and Blue Moon Odom won his 10th game. Odom was a 1-0 winner when the Athletics scored an unearned run against rookie Billy Wynne of Chicago (3-5), whose scoreless inning streak was ended at 20. White Sox players reported to sick bay in droves: Duane Josephson apparently with phlebitis in his right elbow, Ed Herrmann with a badly bruised arm, Woodie Held with a fractured shoulder and Luis Aparicio with a sore neck. On the credit side were two wins by Wilbur Wood and some long-range slugging by Bill Melton, who hit three homers in one game. Melton barely missed a fourth in his last at bat. The ball caromed off the fence a few feet from the top for a double. Seattle (3-4) split four games with the Sox, once winning with two out in the ninth on a pinch hit by Tommy Davis. The Pilots, last on May 10, have climbed to third while almost completely rebuilding their pitching rotation, with Marty Pattin the lone survivor among April's starters. Of the new staff, Gene Brabender, Fred Talbot, Gary Roggenhurk and John Gelnar all won last week. Struggling California (3-5) seemed to be in danger of sinking into the ocean, which did not seem like a bad idea after the horrendous performance the team put on groping for fly balls in a 7-4 loss to the Twins. Nothing much bothered Baltimore (5-2). Dave McNally brought his record to 11-0, and the team was treated to a case of champagne by Frank Robinson, celebrating his 16th homer and fulfilling a promise. According to the Washington Senators, Robinson should have popped his corks later. Umpire Hank Soar first seemed to call the ball foul, then decided it had hit the foul pole. The Senators howled and Soar said: "They were all a bunch of idiots." Things were going so well for the Orioles that a kangaroo court, headed by Robinson and Coach Charlie Lau, found Manager Earl Weaver guilty of a "bonehead play" and slapped him with a maximum $1 fine. Weaver's crime? Inserting injured Shortstop Mark Belanger for "defensive purposes." Belanger made two errors in one inning. Winners laugh, even when they lose a pitcher like Jim Palmer, who was put on the disabled list because of a bad back. Mickey Lolich of Detroit (4-4) won his ninth and 10th games, giving him 17 wins in his last 18 decisions, including three in the World Series last year. Syd O'Brien hit three homers for Boston (4-5), but Carl Yastrzemski, Tony Conigliaro and Rico Petrocelli hit a combined .176. Washington (4-3) three times beat the Red Sox in the last inning, first on a homer by Ken McMullen, then twice on Boston errors. Strong relief jobs by Dennis Higgins, Bob Humphreys and Darold Knowles also helped the Senators pull away from fifth-place New York (2-6), whose only bright spot was Mel Stottlemyre's four-hit shutout over the Tigers. Threatening the Yankees now is Cleveland (4-4). The Indians suddenly were so confident of their prowess against New York that officials had a plaque made up honoring Sam McDowell on his 1,500th strikeout and dated it for the night he was to face the Yankees. Obligingly, 12 Yanks fanned and McDowell easily reached his goal. "There's no stopping Sam now," said Bob Feller. "Unless his arm is injured he'll surpass Johnson's record [3,497]."

Standings—East: Balt 55 21, Bos 43 31, Det 39 32, Wash 38 39, NY 36 42, Clev 29 44. West: Oak 40 30, Minn 40 33, Sea 34 39, Chi 31 40, KC 30 43, Cal 25 46.



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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NEEDLES AND PILLS

Sirs:

I enjoyed Bil Gilbert's article on drugs in sport (*Problems in a Turned-On World*, June 23 *et seq*.) in full, but there is one misconception that should be pointed out from the beginning. Professional sport is not the same as amateur sport. In the former one is paid to do a job, as is a highly skilled engineer, as is the business executive in a highly competitive position and as is the ditchdigger. The amateur is in sport mainly for his own egotism, emotional benefit and, in some sports, for future employment. The medical treatment of a professional athlete should be very similar to that of the executive. If he has a bacterial infection, I would give him antibiotics and tell him to stay home or go to work, depending on his symptoms and work demands. If a ditchdigger came in with shoulder pain secondary to bursitis, I might give him cortisone and Novocain injections and tell him to rest it. But if he had to work to bring home money, he would be the final judge as to whether or not he would work.

A professional has his own unique working conditions and is more prone to musculoskeletal injuries than normal. He must be able to perform his duties as soon as possible. Anything that can be done medically to help him without endangering his present or future health should be done.

WILLIAM G. CLANCY JR., M.D.

Brooklyn

Sirs:

I must congratulate you on one of the most revealing articles I have ever read. Drugs are one of the greatest problems facing society today, and the problem certainly has not passed over the sports world. As a high school competitor in cross-country and track, I am definitely against the use of drugs to improve my performance because any achievements would no longer be truly mine, and I am therefore opposed to competing against other athletes whose performance will be aided by such means.

One important fact that the sports world seems to ignore is the apparent outcome of these practices. Sports have always been a means for an athlete to display a skill he possesses and to strive to achieve personal glory. However, if he is aided by drugs, that skill is no longer his alone, nor is he deserving of the glory which traditionally is bestowed. There is also his inner self, his ego, which needs to be lifted by his achievements but which can't possibly benefit from an achievement for which some doctor is truly responsible. And if for some reason this athlete were no longer able to get these drugs and found that he could no longer achieve the same feats, his ego could be destroyed. In this way athletes will become a subhuman breed—animals striving to get the most from the body, neglecting the inner self.

PETER RUSSO

Clifton, N.J.

Sirs:

After reading the first part of Bil Gilbert's story on the use of drugs in sport, this haunting question remains to be answered: Who is or are the real world champions? Remember last year's Kentucky Derby? What would happen if urine tests were conducted after each championship event? No wonder today's youth reject our present hypocritical society; if it's okay for Johnny Athlete to "pop pills," why not anybody else? How can an athlete truly believe he is a champion if he had some drug to pull him through that last effort that separates the winners and the losers? At one time coaches called on their players for desire, now they call the team trainer or physician. I can hardly wait until they present the MVP award to "Good Ole M.D. Quack, Team Trainer."

DAVID COLLIE JR.

Panama City, Fla.

Sirs:

What is the purpose of a drug? To improve health! Anything short of this would be an adulteration of that purpose.

As a pharmacist I recognize the validity of the viewpoints presented on both sides of the issue. I am also aware of the many and varied possible dangers as the layman is not. Inflammation, swelling, stiffness and pain are part of the body's warning system of disease or injury. To mask symptoms for too long a period could result in damage without the athlete being aware of it until too late.

The use of drugs for therapeutic purposes always involves the problem of choosing between the lesser of two evils: the possible side effects of the drug itself vs. no drug at all.

It is most important that the athlete always be made aware of the possible dangers, the long- and short-term side effects and the possibility of becoming impaired or crippled earlier in life due to the prolonged use of drugs which may temporarily relieve symptoms but have no power to cure.

Steroids, pain relievers, muscle relaxants, etc. do have their place when used to relieve misery in conjunction with other therapy (chemical or otherwise) designed to restore health. They were not intended to enable one to possibly further complicate an existing injury in order to compete a few more minutes (or hours) in a contest.

The final decision to use drugs (legally) must be the athlete's—not his employer's or his coach's—provided he (the athlete) has been given *all* the facts.

DAVID P. YARUSS, PHAR. D.

San Diego

Sirs:

I am very glad to see that someone has finally said something about the use of drugs by athletes. I feel that it is rather barbaric to expose an athlete to a drug that is beneficial temporarily but in long-term use can be very hazardous to the human body. If it is illegal to inject drugs into animals (horses) so that they may perform better, then why is it legal to issue drugs to humans to do likewise? It would seem that we care more for animals than we do for humans. Drugs are wonderful in therapeutic use, so why don't they leave them there? I'm sure if some of the athletes knew what could happen to them from drug side effects, they might think twice before using them.

JOHN JANOWSKI

Willard, N.Y.

ROW, ROW, ROW (CONT.)

Sirs:

I'm so very happy that James Kunen has rejected the mean, ugly world of aristocratic, superjock athletics and found Reality, Relevance and Happiness in dissent and rebellion (*Merrily, Merrily* and LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER, June 16). Before we start mourning the death of rowing as an endeavor which is "out of touch" and with "no real social value," however, I'd like to suggest that Mr. Kunen has perhaps missed the entire point of the sport. This is especially evident in his closing remark, "The only competition is with yourself," because if he truly believes this, he's the closest thing there is to a natural oarsman. For excellence in crew is actually very little more than the development within yourself of high levels of concentration, stamina and positive mental attitude. Are these qualities so out of touch with Reality? It is very probable that they will serve you in every other activity, from thesis writing to a 48-hour hunger strike in Hamilton Hall.

If Mr. Kunen insists on having a perpetual case of guilty conscience just because of his proximity to Harlem, that's his choice, however, I seriously question the relevance of using this emotion as a basis for an attack on crew.

BOB BRAUNOHLER

Delft, Holland

Sirs:

Your publisher's description of me as "one of the architects of last spring's cam-

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pus revolt at Columbia" reflects a misunderstanding of the Columbia strike and my role in it.

By no stretch of even my own ego-tripping imagination was I a leading figure in the strike, either in the press or in reality. More important, there were no "architects" of the strike, insofar as that word implies planning and manipulation. The uprising was spontaneous and broad-based, necessitated as it was by Columbia's intolerable policies of expansion into the community and support of the war in Vietnam.

Finally, what took place at Columbia in 1968—like what is taking place all over America in 1969—was no "campus revolt." It involved the support, participation and arrest of community people as well as students, the old as well as the young—a united resistance against the military-industrial-university-governmental machine by people who will neither be its victims nor its servants, seeing that, in the end, to be either is to be both.

JAMES S. KUNEN

New York City

FENWAY FANS

Sirs:

William Leggett tells it like it is in his article, *Kids' Crusade in Boston* (SI, June 16). I was fortunate enough to live in Boston the summer that the Sox won the pennant. I can remember cutting many a class to visit Fenway. But two experiences sum up Boston's feeling about the Sox.

I remember once dialing information for a telephone number that summer. Instead of the usual "May I help you please" from the operator, the voice I heard asked, "What is the score of the Red Sox game?" I also remember a tremendous traffic jam in the last week of the season caused by a driver who refused to enter the Sumner Tunnel because Yaz was at bat with men on and he wanted to hear the play on his car radio.

GARY SOMERS

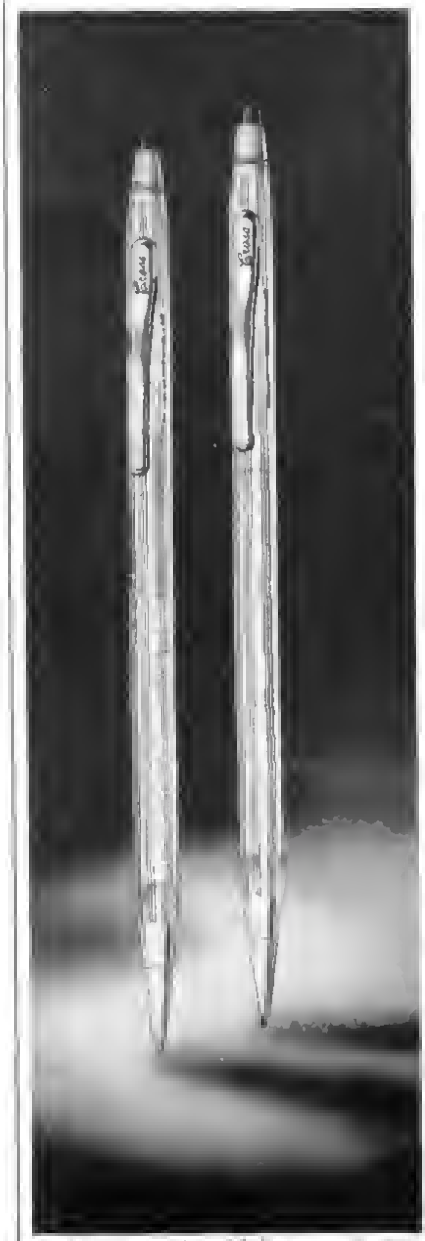
Caldwell, N.J.

Sirs:

Rico, Reggie and Yaz notwithstanding, Fenway Park itself contributes much to the mystique of the Boston Red Sox. It is a very intimate ball park in that the fans are nearly in the game themselves—I wonder if Dick Williams knows he has 33,379 on the bench. Also, considerations which are nonexistent or merely "ho-hum" in a symmetrical ball park loom large in Boston. Did Yaz catch that line drive to the left field corner? (You'll have to wait until the fans on the right-field side react—the suspense will get to you—since they're the only ones who can see the left-field corner.) Will Killebrew beat us in the ninth with a 500-foot grand slam (400 feet up, 100 feet down the line)?

Now that there are stirrings in Boston regarding a new stadium, I hope that the plan-

continued

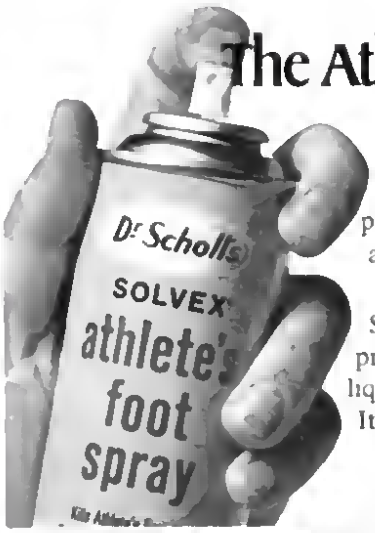


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ners will recognize all the factors relating to the popularity of the Red Sox. I don't mean to say that all the peculiarities of Fenway Park are desirable. But I hope that they do point up that the setting in which the Red Sox play has a certain character to it that contributes its share to the whole of what the Red Sox are.

RICHARD F. KELLY

West Hartford, Conn.

MORE ON JOE

Sirs:

I'm 17, female and admit my knowledge concerning professional football is limited. However, I am able to distinguish between black and white, and Joe Willie's logic behind his retirement from the game was wrong.

Listen, Joe, you have all my respect for sacrificing a game that no one questions you worship, for a "principle." (You were threatened with suspension merely on the grounds that you owned a share in a restaurant frequented by gamblers.) But there is another principle that you overlooked: a principle which is so much more crucial. Pete Rozelle as the commissioner of pro football has the job to keep football the clean and beautiful game that it is. True, you were in no way connected with the gambling or whatever that has been going on in Bachelors III, but it is your name and your money which provide a meeting place for these men.

Joe, you're the No. 1 professional football player today and the hero of millions. I admire your honesty and individuality more than I can say, and a month ago I would say that Joe Namath could do no wrong. But you are wrong this time. Everyone has to submit to authority no matter how much he may dislike the reasoning behind it because without law and order we would be in total chaos.

So, Joe, show true guts, sell your interests and return to football. Do it for yourself, your teammates and your public. We already miss you.

LESLIE NUDELMAN

Portland, Ore.

MIXED RELATIONS

Sirs:

There's one on you in PEOPLE (June 23):

"Fran Tarkenton was voted Sports Father of the Year, and showed himself sensible of the honor in the most appropriate way possible: *he* had another baby . . ."

Perhaps Mother of the Year would be more appropriate?

EDITH BROWN

Granby, Mass.

Address editorial mail to TIME & LIFE Bldg., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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